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From BUTT APABLOW, Director of FUCKED UP and Producer of BRIDES GET LAID

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UNIVERSAL BITCHES presents an APABLOW EJACULATION A BUTT APABLOW FILM PAUL ROD LEZZIE MAN-HANDS "THIS IS FILTHY"
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CHRISTASS 2012

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of *This Is 40*, the new Judd Apatow movie about a married couple who suddenly realize that they're old. In our version the husband and wife finally realize what hideous perverts they've become. These two freaks are approaching levels of sexual depravity generally reserved for Republican congressmen.

"Please stop trying to unscrew the head.
It doesn't take batteries!"

HUSTLER®

LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

HOLIDAY 2012 VOLUME 39 NUMBER 9 HustlerMagazine.com

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Cover photo by Ladi von Jansky

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POLITICS ARE US

You may not think of holiday shopping as a political act. Think again.

I often hear people say they just don't care about politics, that they're not political at all. I say to them: You live in a capitalist democracy; just about everything you do is a political act. When you voice your opinions without fear, that's a political act. When you freely explore your sexuality, that's a political act. When you read this magazine, that's a political act. And when you exercise the power of the consumer, that's a political act.

These days, corporate fortunes hold more power than ever over our country's future. As you do your holiday shopping, be aware of the power that you hold. Does the store, manufacturer or producer you're buying from share your concern about the welfare of workers, economic fairness and the future of the planet? If not, find one that does.

American capitalism is about competition. Make sure the companies that participate in our marketplace deserve your hard-earned dollars.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

"Can you get my mom and dad a job?"

WE'RE STILL BEING SCROOGED

THE DOORWAY TO AMERICA'S MIDDLE CLASS HAS BEEN NAILED SHUT BY BANKERS AND POLITICIANS.

Cut through all of the crap dished out in the last election about which party has the purest love for the middle class, and face the fact that both were pretending to respect a virgin they'd jointly gangbanged. The once-noble middle class, celebrated as the unsoiled goddess of American politics, is a worn and abused caricature of what it was in the good old days. All you have to do is look at recent Census Bureau figures to establish that point.

In 2011 the median income for U.S. families was $50,054. Go try to have your entire family live on that amount and tell me you still feel loved. That's 8% lower than in 2007, when the Wall Street housing bubble burst, and we still have 10.8 million homeowners underwater on their mortgages and 46.2 million Americans living below the poverty line. Those last are the folks eking out an existence on less than $23,021 a year for a family of four.

For many people, the good jobs that got them into the ranks of a middle class that was the envy of the world are gone and not coming back anytime soon. The crash was caused by the Republicans under George W. Bush, who sat by idly while the housing-derivative scandal mushroomed. He then bailed out the banks without doing anything for their victims among the foreclosed and unemployed.

President Barack Obama pretty much followed Bush's lead with some stimulus sugarcoating and probably saved the economic system from total collapse. But the "recovery" he boasted about has left us with what is starting to look like a permanent reduction of good-paying middle-class jobs. Obama may have saved the auto industry from extinction, but these days new autoworkers are resigned to making 13 bucks an hour rather than three or four times that amount, which was once the norm.

Summarizing the latest Census Bureau report, the *New York Times* noted that "the data still reflects the bleak state of the American labor market. …During the recovery, about three in five of the new jobs created have been low-skill and low-wage—taking people off the unemployment rolls and pulling some families out of poverty, but not providing a clear route to the middle class."

That route has been blocked for more than a decade. Americans' median income peaked in 1999, and the hope of joining a comfortable middle class has since gone the way of all those outsourced jobs in India and China. I stipulate *comfortable* because a middle class that is not secure in its expectation of a decent life is simply a statistical marker of where most people are rather than a fulfillment of the good life that most Americans once assumed was their birthright.

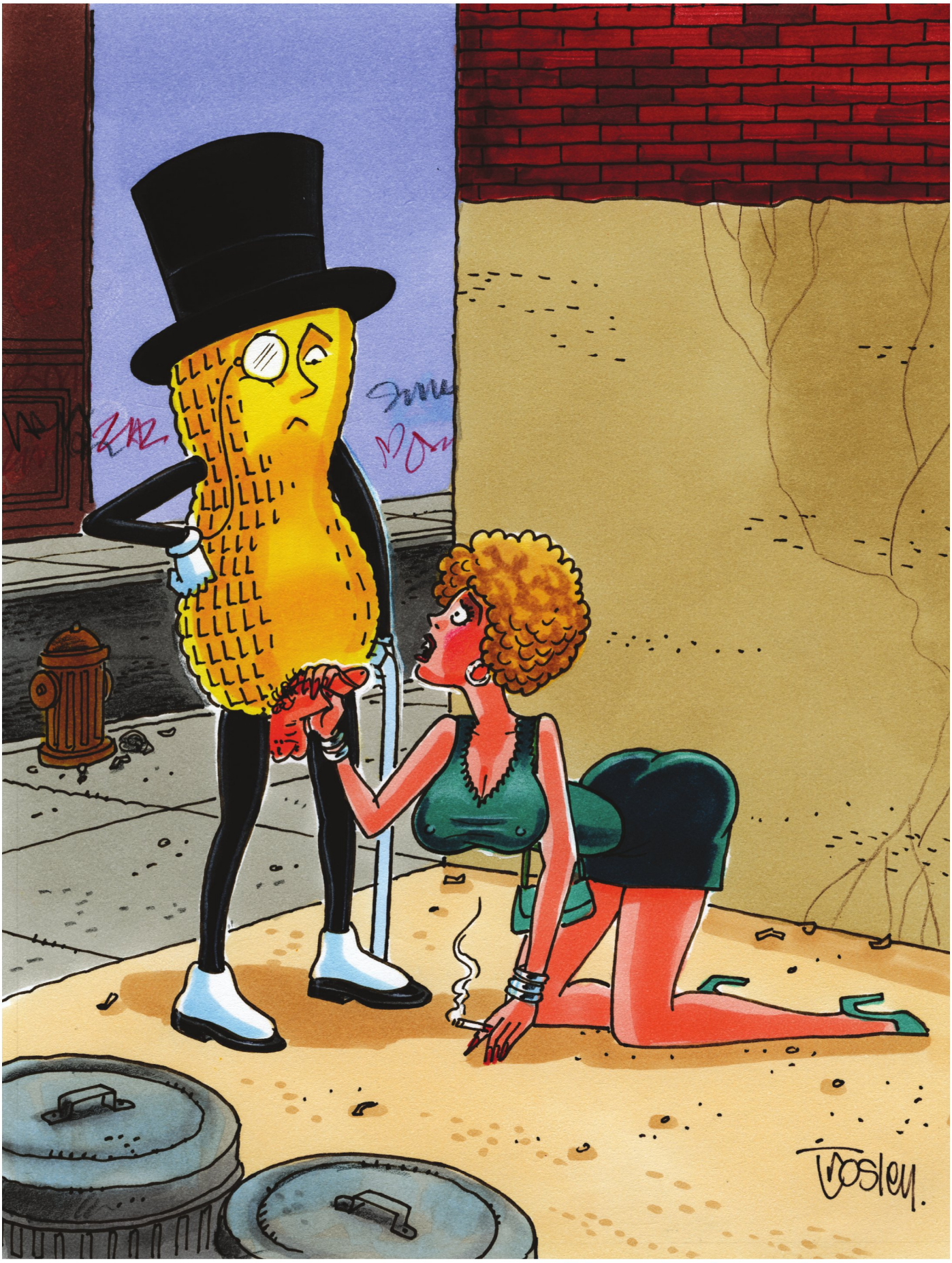
The Census Bureau statistics on the disappearing middle class don't lie. While the income of the bottom 80% of Americans continued to decline in recent years, the top 10% saw an increase thanks to a policy pursued by both political parties of bailing out the bankers first and hoping their good fortune would trickle down. It didn't. Income inequality as measured by the Gini index, which most economists accept as the best measure of income disparity between the rich and the rest of us, increased in 2011 for the first time in 20 years.

And no relief is in sight. That was made clear in September 2012 when the Federal Reserve committed to floating the banks for the next three years with cheap money and purchasing hundred of billions more of their still-rotten mortgage-based securities. The families holding the individual mortgages, wrapped like so much putrid meat into those sausage-like securities, will not avoid foreclosure. Instead, they are being turned into renters of the houses they once owned.

So welcome to America as it is: no longer a nation of stakeholders, merely the fantasy of politicians who invoke nostalgic memories of a prosperous, middle-class America that has withered to a haggard relic of her formerly bountiful self. At least the pretend middle class can still afford chips and beer for *Monday Night Football*, our modern equivalent of the barbaric entertainment that deceived the masses of a doomed empire into believing they remained part of the glory that once was Rome.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

"Now here's Ed with tonight's economic report."



"But no, I can't swallow it...I'm allergic to peanut oil."

Sweet Tooth

Man, when I received my November '12 issue in the mail and unwrapped it, I thought I was laying eyes on Sloan from *Entourage* [Emmanuelle Chriqui]. I was thinking, *Damn, HUSTLER has topped itself and got her to pose nude.* Then I found out it was Candy [*Turn My Key*].

But hey, I'm not upset. Candy has fulfilled my Sloan fantasy. I wondered what the actress would look like spread-eagle. Now I wonder no more. Great job, HUSTLER, on finding Candy. This hot babe is just one of many reasons why I will always subscribe to your publication. Keep it up! **—M.T.**

Newport News, Virginia

Hot Commodities

I loved your layout of Candy in the November '12 issue. She looks just like Emmanuelle Chriqui from *Entourage*. A spitting image! Candy's body is perfect! Definitely a hot commodity, and I'm sure she tastes just as sweet as she looks and as her name suggests.

Also, I see that Layla Rose has made an encore appearance [*Full Bloom*] since her November '11 cover and centerfold. There are so many things I want to do to her and her huge, natural breasts. Keep the girls coming!

—Will Drabeck

Healdsburg, California

Truth Hurts

Wow! I see last month was the "Bash Romney" issue [*Mitt's Mormonism* and *The Mormon Moments*, November '12]. There were so many negative articles and cartoons in there, I could have sworn Obama's cronies published this one. Do you seriously want four more years of Obama? **—James Wilk**

Chesterfield, Michigan

We believe Larry Flynt said it best in his December '12 *Publisher's Statement*: Mitt Romney "is a liar and a phony who will sell out to special interests at the drop of a dollar bill."

Greener Pastures

First, I wanted to let you know that I love your magazine. I read the *Publisher's Statement* in the November '12 issue ["Why Isn't Pot Legal?"]. Although I agree with everything it said, I have another possibility. I think growing pot isn't legal because if it were, it would compete with the textile industry. I also wanted to inform you that I think your magazine is the best one on the market, bar none. **—Danny Kiser**

Shelby, North Carolina

Yes, hemp—a strain of the marijuana-providing herb *Cannabis sativa*—is a cheap, renewable resource. Legalize it now!

Pages of History

I am a fairly well-to-do, late-30s guy, and everyone always has a hard time buying gifts for me. They say, "What do you buy a guy who has everything?"

Well, I have an idea. Larry Flynt is a hero to many of us on so many levels. Mega-entrepreneur, freedom-of-speech advocate, insanely genius intellectual. And hey, the "showing us spread pussy" thing is kind of cool too. The transformations of Mr. Flynt's unique mind and how they've manifested themselves on the pages of HUSTLER is, to me, the most entertaining thing about the magazine. It's the only one I have ever subscribed to.

What would it take/cost to get a CD collection with every single HUSTLER edition to date in a format that would allow you to flip the pages just like you had the magazine in your hand, with every cover, every article, every ad, every picture? Being able to retrace Mr. Flynt's crazy path month to month from the 1970s (when I was too young to read HUSTLER) until now would be absolutely fascinating.

—J.H.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We're working on a digital, tablet-friendly version of HUSTLER. Stay tuned, J.H.

PHOTO BY GETTY IMAGES

According to some HUSTLER readers, November '12 covergirl Candy has a Hollywood double: Emmanuelle Chriqui. What do you think?

Beaver Fever

In your November '12 issue the *Beaver Hunt* Spotlight was on Alexa Jaymes, who said she would like to meet a certain astrophysicist. I'm hoping to get her interested in me by sharing a couple of physics theories and a test I have thought up. Come and get it, Alexa.

—Jon Root

Kirkland, Washington

I just want to say that I'm a huge fan of HUSTLER! I'm always checking out the lovely girls featured in the *Beaver Hunt* section, which brings me to the most incredible and beautiful woman I have ever seen. She was a Beaver in the August '12 issue. Her name is Ariyana Nomez. She has a very captivating body and definitely needs to be featured in a layout very soon. She has really nice tits and an amazing-looking pussy!

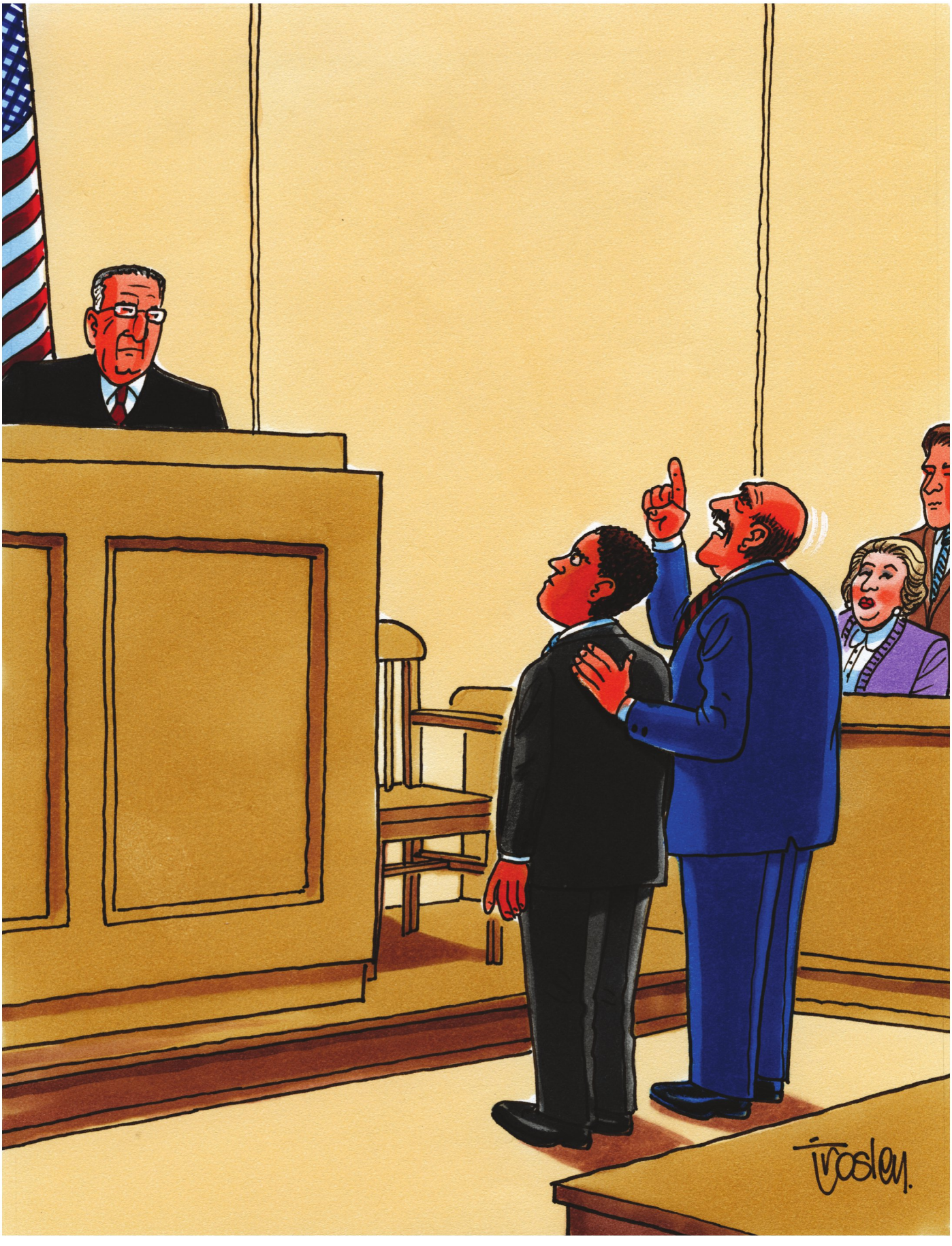
—Larry W.

Narvon, Pennsylvania

The *Best of Beaver Hunt* magazine is great! The women are sexy! I have an idea: How about a Native American issue? Navajo, Cherokee, Sioux, etc. from all the states! There are very sexy Native American women out there, and I'm sure they would pose for *Beaver Hunt*. That would be amazing. **—Mike Farrell**

Arlington, Virginia

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"Your Honor, my client George Zimmerman admits to shooting the boy and leaving his body in the street and is prepared to plead guilty to the charge of littering."

TED NUGENT

Here's something to cheer up your holidays: With any luck, Ted Nugent will be rotting in a grave, or at least a jail cell, before hunting season kicks in.

During the 2012 Presidential campaign, the '70s hard-rock relic—who didn't have the decency to overdose young like a real rock star—capped his long list of boneheaded outbursts with a promise to commit full-scale treason: If Barack Obama is reelected, "I'll either be dead or in jail this time next year."

Nobody actually thinks this human manure shredder has the balls to make good on his threat, but the Secret Service stopped banging cut-rate pussy long enough to tell Nugent to shut the fuck up.

After stroking his James Earl Ray fantasies in public, the WhackMaster smeared his verbal feces on the pages of the *Washington Times*, saying the Supreme Court's decision not to gut Obama's healthcare reform was proof that the nation would be better off if "the South had won the Civil War."

Sorry, fuckwad, but there ain't enough Viagra in the world to make the Old South rise again.

Don't get us wrong. We applaud that the Motor City Madman makes full use of the First Amendment, even if he uses it like a cheap, crackhead hooker. It's the Manson-like meaning behind what he says that makes us want to beat him with the butt of his own rifle.

Considering his Confederate drivel, it's tempting to write Nugent off as a racist who doesn't have the backbone to admit it, but he's worse. He's a personal supremacist with a generalized hate for any living thing that isn't him. Giving the cue to greedmonger Mitt Romney, if you haven't climbed over bodies to get rich, you're a loser.

According to the Nuge, citizens getting "government handouts" are "feeble, lazy whiners," whether or not it's their fault. "Anybody with an excuse can kiss my ass," he says. Not only does that attitude cut a healthy society off at the knees, it's also a good bet he's telling a sizable chunk of his fan base to plant their lips on his butt. How many of his records would have sold without all those welfare dollars floating around?

There's another popular explanation for Nugent's dementia. His biggest hit was probably a self-diagnosis: Cat Scratch Fever, aka syphilis, has allegedly been rotting his brain for the past 40 years or more. Worse yet, if the rumors are true, he's shot his disease into countless young girls too naive to even know what that nasty itch is.

Nugent's a guy so intolerant to challenge, the only females he can get it up for are underaged. The predator has gone on record saying less-than-barely-legals were his preferred road ass while touring. And in one of rock history's sleaziest footnotes, Uncle Ted had himself declared legal guardian of a girl ruled too young to be his bride. He also has a habit of skipping out on child support, probably lumping his own offspring into the hordes of "whiners" looking for a handout.

If Rush Limbaugh is the Republican Party's belching exhaust pipe, Ted Nugent is its truck nutz. His job is to keep the far-right fringe working against their own interests by fooling them into thinking he's one of theirs: a working-class stiff who's decided it's time to fix the world with a hard-on and a shotgun. The reality is, he's a rich hypocrite who wants to let the rich get richer and couldn't give two shits about the millions of families in this country struggling to put food on the table. As he repeats ad nauseam, anything else is "un-American socialism."

Nugent's most obsessive cranial inflammation is his idea that the government wants to take away everyone's guns in blatant violation of the Second Amendment. Just because the Secret Service may want to—and should—melt down the Nuge arsenal doesn't mean it wants to disarm responsible, rational gun owners. This is another case of Nugent talking out of his ass for maximum blowhole effect. As an insider shill for the National Rifle Association, he knows just how unlikely it is that the popular and well-supported right to bear arms would ever be repealed. If decades of rampage shooters haven't killed it, it ain't going anywhere.

Nugent's gun nuttery is the key to his psychopathology. He sees society as a big hunting ground and looks at everything with his kill-it-until-it's-extinct mindset—an outrage to any serious, self-respecting hunter. Let off his leash, Nugent would exterminate anything that doesn't measure up to what he sees as his own superiority. If it hasn't evolved fast enough to outrun a bullet or make its own Kevlar, it deserves to die—in a canned hunt, if possible.

In one of his syphilitic rants, Nugent said he gets a "full predator spiritual erection" from tracking "bear, lions, coons, house cats, escaped chimps, small children, scared women and everything else that can be chased and/or hunted." The one time this dickless chickenhawk would have faced a real enemy that fought back—the Vietcong—he literally shit his pants and dodged the draft.

So if Uncle Ted ruled, what would Nugeworld look like? For starters, if you find yourself out of work—as many hardworking Americans do from time to time—and can't find a new job right away, you're wounded prey. You and your family will go hungry and homeless, allowing unlicensed gun nuts to hunt you down.

As for actual wild animals, there aren't many left because everything that moved was "killed and grilled" after the Nuge motto "the only good wolf is a dead wolf" was signed into law. As for natural beauty in general, it's gone, destroyed by unregulated logging, mining and oil drilling.

Nugeworld is an apocalyptic, throwback wasteland. Society has imploded, perverts are free to prey on underaged girls, and roving gangs of white trash in paramilitary camouflage terrorize the countryside. Worst of all, Sarah Palin is President.

That's not America; it's a vision of hell worse than an old Ted Nugent album cover. It's time for the Secret Service to get the WhackMaster into a Stranglehold—and keep him there.

CIVIL DISO-BOD-IENCE

PHOTO BY LAWRENCE SCHWARTZWALD

You may not have heard of Zoe West. But if you value your right to ogle bare boobs in public, consider this lovely model a hero. Cops busted West in August 2011 for allowing artist Andy Golub to use her nude form as a canvas during a bodypainting exhibition in New York City's Times Square. Since public nudity is legal in the Big Apple as long as it has an artistic purpose, West filed a false-arrest lawsuit. She eventually settled the case for $15,000. The lawsuit garnered a fair amount of attention for both West and Golub, who is developing a reputation for his colorful works (and sexy canvases too).

PHOTO BY CHRISTOPHER SADOWSKI/SPLASH NEWS

Andy Golub paints Zoe West

PHOTO BY WILLIAM C. LOPEZ/SPLASH NEWS

THE TIGHT STUFF

Wild Eye Releasing's *Tight* isn't what you'd expect from a mainstream flick featuring five hot porn stars—unless you're expecting a Spinal Tap-inspired mockumentary about a rock band composed entirely of XXX vixens. The cast includes Monica Mayhem, Layla Labelle and Bree Olson as the group's manager. *Tight*, available now on DVD, can be purchased at **SeeOfSound.com**. For more info on the gals, visit **TightBand.com**.

PHOTO BY RICHARD ANDERSON

Tight performs in Vegas.

PHOTO BY JOEL KANE

Monica Mayhem & Layla Labelle

"The main reason Santa is so jolly is because he knows where all the bad girls live."—GEORGE CARLIN, COMEDIAN

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Kaley Cuoco LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

On the sitcom *Big Bang Theory*, Kaley Cuoco plays the hot neighbor living next door to a bevy of nerds. Since the long-running series has gotten a little stale, we wanted to propose a very special holiday episode. In our installment the brainiacs give Kaley's character the gift that keeps on giving when they convince her that a daily 100mg dose of semen triples a chick's IQ.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Kaley Cuoco actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

THE BREAST WAY TO PROTEST

We live in an age of marches, rallies and uprisings. HUSTLER supports those fighting worldwide for democracy and the rights of the 99%, but why haven't more activists taken a cue from these cuties by bringing some public nudity to the cause? Protesting tuition hikes at Canadian universities, hundreds of students not only took to the streets of Montreal, but many of the female demonstrators bared their boobs. Yes, it's an incredibly effective maneuver. We might even be persuaded to join the Westboro Baptist Church if its vile signs were in the hands of perky-titted Bible-thumpers.

PHOTOS BY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

"This year my New Year's resolution was to stop saying 'Seacrest out' after I ejaculate." —ZACH GALIFIANAKIS, ACTOR

Nyomi Banxxx & Alexander Devoe

HARDCORE HARDWARE

Hosted by adult actress Nyomi Banxxx and actor/director Alexander Devoe, the 2012 Urban X Awards ceremony was recently staged at Palace of the Stars in Glendale, California. The extravaganza recognizes outstanding achievements in ethnic porn, and the latest winners included Leilani Leeane (Rising Star of the Year) and *Revenge of the Petites* (Feature Movie of the Year).

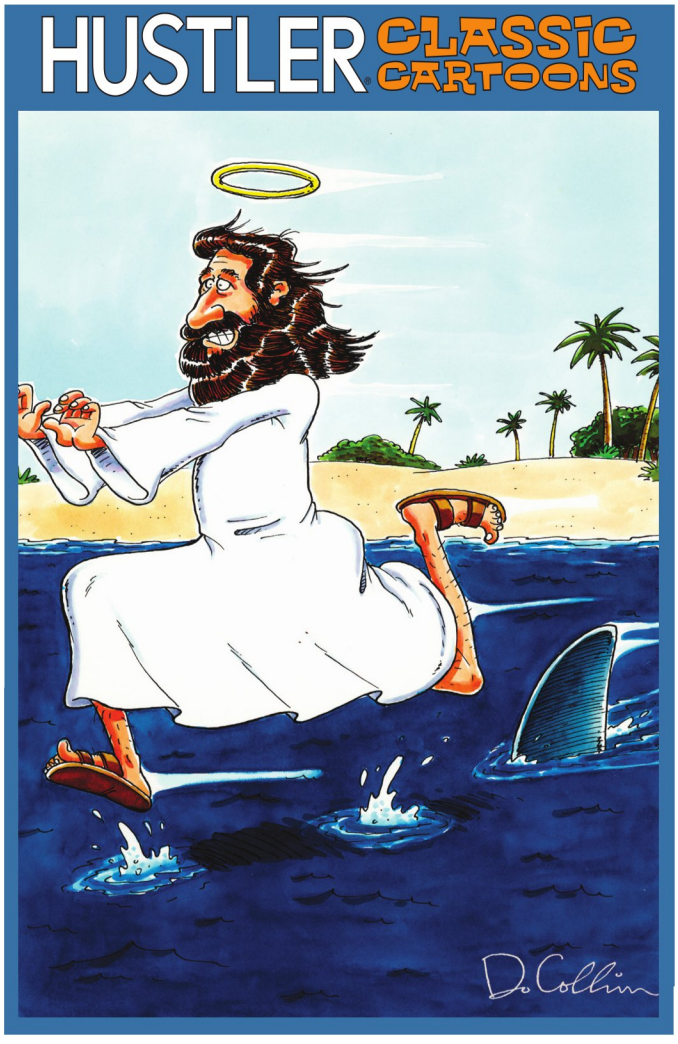
Leilani Leeane

Decollector

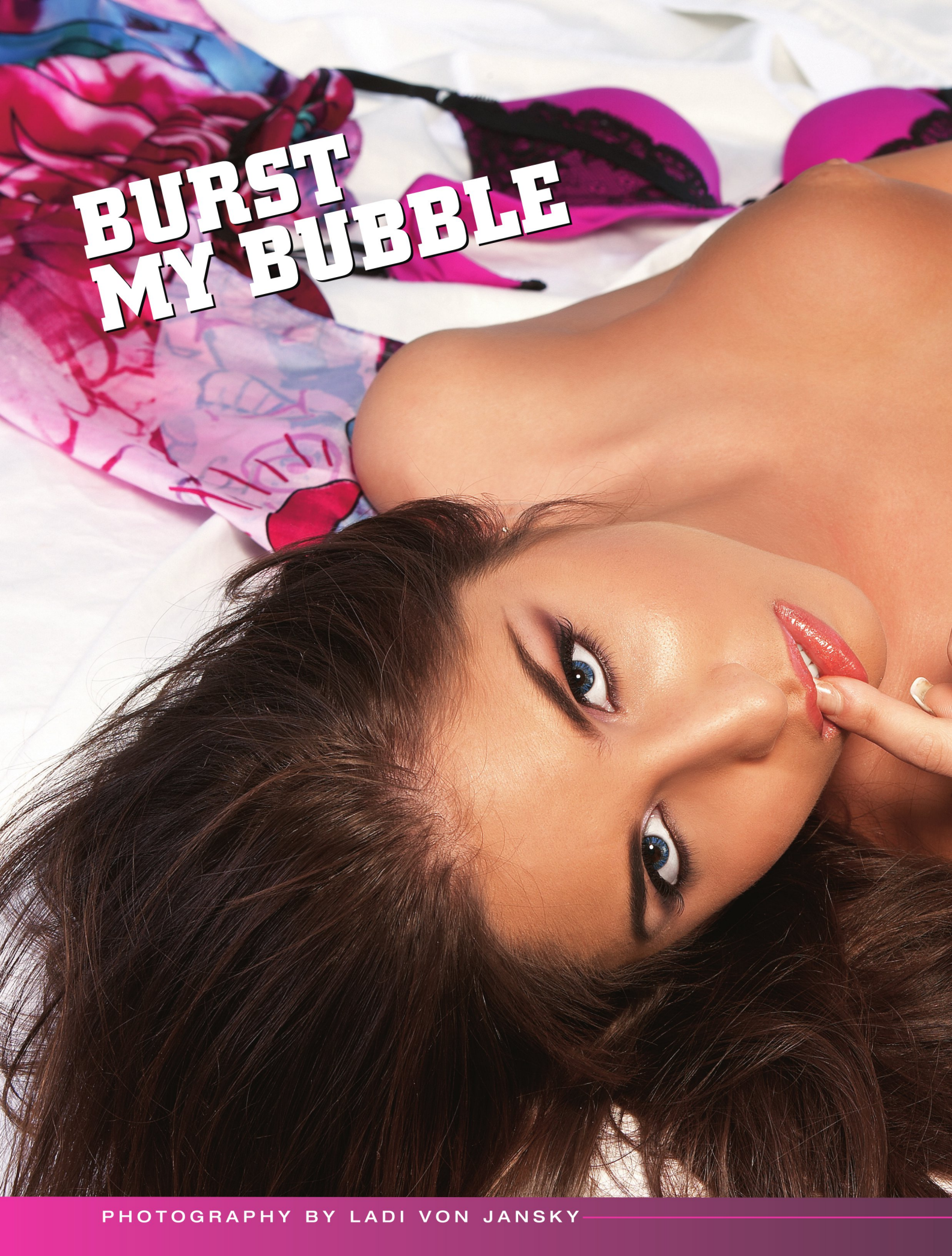
Cindy Starfall

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

This slender lady of yore seems quite comfortable posing sans clothing. With her eyebrows raised, she seems to be inviting the cameraman to join her for a romp. Or perhaps she's wondering why her shutterbug husband invited his cousins over to watch her take a shower again. Thanks to L.S. of Berkeley, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Christmas is the one time of year when people of all religions come together to worship Jesus Christ." —BART SIMPSON, CARTOON CHARACTER



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

GISELLE LEON

Don't let her French-sounding moniker fool you. **Giselle Leon** was born and raised in sunny California. "I grew up about 30 minutes north of porn central," she says, referring to the notorious San Fernando Valley. "But my childhood was really sheltered. We called my community 'The Bubble.'"

Giselle, who chose her stage name because she wanted something unique and memorable, "absolutely loves" working in adult flicks, but she likes to unwind with mainstream fare. A true film buff, **Giselle** digs the work of quirky directors like David Lynch (*Blue Velvet*), Darren Aronofsky (*Requiem for a Dream*) and Paul Thomas Anderson (*Magnolia*). Her favorite shows on the boob tube include cop dramas *Criminal Minds* and *Law & Order: SVU*.

In her personal life the Golden State denizen warms to a certain type. "The guy has to be taller than 6-2 and be fit but not muscular. He'd have either blue or green eyes and a face that's scruffy and unshaven but still attractive. He should be funny, confident and sexually dominant."

Giselle's sexual fantasies are equally specific, but they tend to involve a larger cast: "I want to be gang-banged by either a bunch of black men or a group of tall, attractive white guys. I imagine them wearing nothing but bomber hats or face socks and military boots."

If you haven't had nearly enough Giselle Leon, we strongly recommend *Barely Legal #126* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 105 to order by mail.

GISELLE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Santa Clarita, California | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 115

JOHN HAGEE MEETS THE GREAT WHORE OF BABYLON STARRING NINA HARTLEY

A FEARLESS HARDCORE ICON VENTURES INTO THE LION'S DEN TO NAIL A SCANDALOUS PHOTO-OP WITH EVANGELICAL RIGHT-WINGER JOHN HAGEE.

The phone call came on a Saturday. The mission was too much in the tradition of Hunter S. Thompson to turn down. The Most Reverend John C. Hagee, a massively influential megachurch titan and a hero to evangelicals and conservative Jews alike, was in town to drum up Christian support for Israel. The event, it turns out, was taking place at a theater just spitting distance from the Flynt building in Beverly Hills. My assignment was to attend with the intention of getting a photo with the good reverend autographing his latest book for me, Nina Hartley.

As a Jew, I've long found it annoying that evangelicals are so hell-bent on getting all the Jews to return to Israel—not for our own good, mind you, but to bring about Armageddon and the Second Coming. When Jesus returns, anyone who doesn't accept Him as Lord and Savior, yadda, yadda, yadda, will be condemned to eternal flames. With ideas like that, it's not hard to imagine what Pastor Hagee would think of my job and what that makes me in his eyes. To quote the late, great Mr. Thompson, "When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro." And it was certainly going to be weird mingling with these folks.

ARTICLE BY NINA HARTLEY
PHOTOS BY GIA JORDAN

I dressed conservatively and rendezvoused with the Mission Commander outside the theater. I'd brought along my photographer pal, Gia Jordan. She too looked suitably suburban in a nice dress and modest heels. I was issued a copy of Hagee's book *The Power of the Prophetic Blessing*, tickets to the event and instructions to go and get that photo!

Two young women handed out Israeli and American flags to everyone in the lobby. We milled about, trying to blend in with all of the Jewish Republicans and Christian conservatives while awaiting Mr. Hagee's emergence from the VIP lounge. I asked a self-important young man if the reverend would be signing copies of his book. He wasn't sure. "There are a lot of crazies in Los Angeles, you know," he said with a conspiratorial smirk. Yeah, I was in a roomful of them.

Clearly, the acolyte had no idea who I was. Pornhounds know no party or religious affiliation. But if any of the attendees recognized me, they kept mum about it in this setting. The ability to compartmentalize seems to be the hallmark of ideologues everywhere. I guess it spares them potentially lethal attacks of cognitive dissonance.

At last, Mr. Hagee's trajectory led him out of the lounge and straight to me. This was it. I was about to be face to face with the man who, given the chance of lording over the theocracy he dreams of, would probably have me burned at the stake. This was the intolerant bigot who preaches that global warming is a hoax, blames natural disasters on gays, condemns other religions and regularly scoffs at women's rights.

I smiled sweetly, extended my hand and asked him if he'd be so kind as to sign my book. Gia snapped shots as he smiled back, cheeks pink and plump. He looked me square in the eye and asked my name. "Nina," I told him. I briefly considered flashing my boobs. But the truth is, I'm not that kind of lady. Hagee signed in a strong, sure hand and was on his way, supplicants and acolytes trailing behind him like ducklings after their mother.

It was "mission accomplished," but I didn't feel like stringing up any banners. I wasn't sure I'd encountered firsthand the banality of evil, but I'd gotten a solid dose of the evils of banality.

BROOKLYN LEE'S PRESID

PHOTO FROM *INSIDE JOB* COURTESY WICKED PICTURES

SHE SCORED GLOBAL FAME AFTER HER PHOTO-OP WITH BILL CLINTON. HER ONLY REGRET: SHE DIDN'T GET TO BLOW HIM.

★ ★ ★

Happy Birthday!" I say. Brooklyn Lee flashes me a dazzling smile. "Thank you," she replies. It strikes me that the 5-foot-5 rising star of hardcore is much prettier in person than onscreen.

She slides into a booth. It's half past noon. The downtown L.A. restaurant, appropriately called The Farm, is teeming with gabbing gobblers.

About a month earlier, I had arranged to meet Brooklyn, *AVN*'s 2012 Best New Starlet, on her 23rd birthday. Of course, neither of us knew that Brooklyn would become a world-famous celebrity during the interim. Or would world-infamous be more appropriate?

One week earlier, on May 23, a photo of Brooklyn posing with former President Bill Clinton hit the Web and went viral. "I tweeted it, and the whole thing just went crazy," Brooklyn recalls after we've ordered lunch. "I think TMZ uploaded it first. After that, hundreds of outlets picked it up. Tasha [Reign] and I think it's funny.

"Sorry, Bill," she says, laughing. "But I don't think he got any flack from it. Besides, I don't think he gives a shit. I don't think Hillary does either."

President Clinton in formal attire with

BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

ENTIAL CRUSH

two fully clad porn stars at a charity gala in Monaco is less scandalous than an Oval Office blowjob. But Brooklyn was hoping for something more along the lines of the latter.

"I'm not really a star-fucker," she admits between sips of iced tea. "With the exception of Bill Clinton, that is! Tasha and I think he's the most handsome President ever! I was hoping he'd show up at the afterparty. But he wasn't there."

Our food arrives. Brooklyn eats sparingly, finishing only half of her pasta in the time it takes me to inhale my Reuben.

The former cocktail waitress and stripper tells me she can't remember the last time she did anything on her birthday—other than work. "I usually don't feel like doing anything. I'm weird. Growing up in Ohio, I was a loner. For my birthday I usually just wanted to sit in my room and read books."

Once the lunch crowd is gone, I give the birthday girl a bag of HUSTLER goodies. She opens it like a kid tearing at gifts under a Christmas tree.

After lunch we head for the neighboring Fashion District, where Brooklyn loves to shop. The alleyway market, lined with a myriad of mini-shops, is crawling with browsers and sellers. As Brooklyn scans an infinite row of platform shoes, I ask her for more details on the Clinton photo-op.

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN

It seems a gal pal and her well-to-do boyfriend invited Brooklyn and Tasha to Monaco—all expenses paid. The boyfriend, a big-shot "investor," visits the French Riviera to "network," this time rolling into a $10,000-a-plate charity auction at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo.

"That night, there was something like 1,000 guests," Brooklyn recalls. "There were ten people to a table, and Clinton's table was right next to ours. After Bill gave a little speech, we were trying to make eye contact. He did look over at us a couple of times. But as we wandered over to meet him, the Secret Service were immediately like, 'Go away!'

"Anyhow, as we were walking away, Clinton said, 'No, no! Bring them over. It's cool.' He got up, shook our hands, talked to us for a couple of minutes and took some pictures with us.

"He was a perfect gentleman. Very charismatic. We didn't creep on him either. Each of us just gave him a hug. Then we said, 'We absolutely love you. Thank you for taking time out to chat with us. Have a really good evening.' And that was it."

PHOTO COURTESY BROOKLYN LEE

Brooklyn buys a pair of suede platforms, and we wander through some more shops while she continues her Clinton chronicles: "By the next morning," she says with a laugh, "everyone in Monaco knew who we were. People were constantly coming up to us and taking pictures. It was insane. It was just a conversation, a photo-op and a hug. That's all."

Not all the encounters were as flattering: "I met the Dos Equis guy, and I was like, 'Hi! Take a picture with me!' just because I thought it was super funny. He freaked out and ran away.

"Later that night, Tasha and I went to the afterparty for the amfAR benefit, which raises money for HIV/AIDS research. There were a few celebrities there. Everyone knew who we were, and, sure, it was kind of embarrassing.

"But, I mean, Tasha and I are not delusional. We know that this is a five-minute deal. And if I can gain anything here, it's: 1) a fucking great story to tell my future children, when they're old enough; and 2) some pretty good press, especially being in the adult-film business."

SOMETHING FELINE

As we head down Olympic Boulevard toward her Koreatown digs, Brooklyn muses on the aftermath of her instant notoriety.

"It's funny too. Since Tasha and I have been temporarily pushed into the limelight, people are meaner to me. Nine times out of ten, people would say nice things about me on Twitter and email. Now they're picking on me, and it's mostly girls who attack me."

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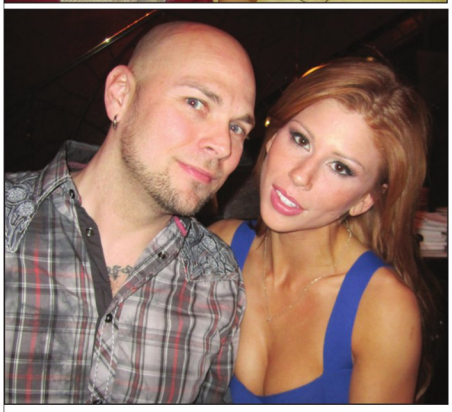
Brooklyn doesn't care to disclose the nasty stuff but tells me she was called "odd-looking." She shrugs. "But, I mean, I *am* odd-looking. Do you know anybody else who looks like me?"

"You have a unique look," I tell her. "Isn't that a plus in the porn business?"

"I guess so. I just go with it. It is what it is. I especially like my mouth. There's something feline about it. I'm not everyone's cup of tea. Hey, I love blond bombshells with boobs, but that's just not me."



After shooting a gonzo scene with Brooklyn, renowned smut director John Stagliano thought she had such an "interesting face," he cast her as a vampire in his horror epic *Voracious*.

I drop Brooklyn off at her place. "See you tonight," she says.

ONE MORE SURPRISE

My assignment resumes as I join the birthday bash at Café La Bohème in West Hollywood. Brooklyn is decked out in a skintight blue dress and her new suede plats. The room is packed with her close friends, most of them porn's hottest new stars, including Skin Diamond, Asphyxia Noir and Kayden Kross. Also on hand are Brooklyn's publicist boyfriend Mike Moz, her agent Mark Spiegler and veteran stud Manuel Ferrara.

Half an hour later everyone is drinking and having a good time when out of nowhere a clown—yes, a clown—materializes next to Brooklyn.

"Oh my God!" she shrieks, laughing to the point of tears. Bizarrely dressed in a suit and tie, the bozo sings Brooklyn a weird, thankfully brief rap song and takes a seat.

When an ice-cream cake crowned with a candle arrives, the clown jumps up and yells, "Hey, everybody! We're celebrating a birthday here—for Brooklyn!" He breaks into the classic b-day jingle, and we all join in. After the applause, Brooklyn makes a wish, blows out the candle and gives her boyfriend a kiss. More cheers.

Brooklyn with her boyfriend Mike (left) and her birthday pals.

PHOTOS BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

The evening gradually winds down. As we wait for valets to fetch our cars, I ask Brooklyn, "How would you rate your birthday party?"

"Incredible!" she responds. "This is like my first since a toddler. Kayden Kross got me a clown, which was fucking awesome. I love everyone here!"

On my way home, I'm feeling no pain. It's partly the gin, but I'm also pleased Brooklyn Lee finally got to celebrate her birthday with a rip-roaring party. She didn't even seem to mind that her Presidential crush never showed up.

Anthony Petkovich is the author of *The X Factory: Inside the American Hardcore Film Industry*. The California native was a contributor to *Psychotronic Video* magazine and currently writes for *Filmfax*, *Shock Cinema* and other publications.

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MELODY JORDAN

As one might expect from a gal with such a musical moniker, **Melody Jordan** loves to sing, but she's more into dancing. The West Virginia native has been doing it most of her life and is proficient in several styles, including ballet, modern and jazz.

"I love to dance," **Melody** says. "I like getting into a flow where I'm completely thoughtless, and it's almost like I'm meditating. I'm just totally lost in moving with the music."

Moving along to one of her sexual fantasies, **Melody** confides, "I want to have wild, crazy, passionate sex on a grand piano."

Like many of today's XXX vixens, **Melody** uses Twitter and other tech-savvy ways to keep in touch with her ever-growing fan base. But sometimes she catches herself daydreaming about life in a simpler time. "It would have been fun to be alive in the 1940s," **Melody** explains. "I've always wanted to be a pinup girl who sang to the sailors coming home from war."

For more Melody Jordan, check out *This Ain't Avatar XXX #2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 105 to order by mail.

MELODY 'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Gerrardstown, West Virginia | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 135

DAVE ATTELL porn-somniac

'Tis the season for the best comic in the business to sit on HUSTLER's couch and be a dirty old man.

Dave Attell loves porn. The stand-up comic best known for his late-night TV series *Insomniac* and many appearances on Comedy Central Roasts and David Letterman's show can't get enough of the nasty stuff. It's his favorite thing. Why else would Showtime give him his own series called *Dave's Old Porn,* where he sits down with other comics and legends like Seka and Ron Jeremy to watch clips from XXX cinema's golden age? Dave stopped by HUSTLER to talk about his healthy obsession with smut, being a Jew on Christmas and the joys of "road ass."

HUSTLER: We know you're a porn fan, so are you a HUSTLER fan too?

DAVE ATTELL: I'm not sucking up, but I really think Larry Flynt is Zeus. I've done a lot of press and met a lot of cool people. But if I could meet the man, I definitely would come with joy and fear. With free speech and all that stuff, Larry's a hero of mine, but he's also provided me with decades of super hardcore erotica.

The beauty of HUSTLER is that it's spank-friendly. You get the whole fantasy. First you get the girl seminude. She's like, "Hey, what's up?" Then she slowly undresses. You wanna see her ass. There she is from behind. Then she spreads, and you get to see it all. I love it!

Is HUSTLER always with you on the road?

There are many times when I'd be in a town where it was really churchy. I would ask, "Where can I get porn around here?" They'd say, "Corn?" "No! Porn!" They would send me to a shack near a bait shop in a section they called "The Bad Part of Town." There would be one guy in there. The place would smell like jizz and cooking, like the one guy who worked there lived there. And I would get HUSTLER Magazine. HUSTLER to me would be like I had a little friend on the road.

How would you describe *Dave's Old Porn* to someone who hasn't seen it?

Dave's Old Porn is a salute and a tribute to the stars of the golden age of adult entertainment. The golden age was from the late '70s to the early '80s. Those were the retro, hairy, dirty, filthy good times of America if you ask me. Before America became so P.C. and boring. You could smoke inside and do blow back then.

The show is basically me. I bring out comics that I've known for years. Last season we had Doug Stanhope, Jim Norton, Chelsea Handler and Whitney Cummings, and we watch my filthy, dirty porn. It's a fun ride to have a girl with you watching porn. Guys, you should try it. They're like a bomb-sniffing dog. They can find shit in that porn that you would never even think of.

Then we bring out the adult living legends that are still with us. We try to pay tribute to them. Honestly, these people are from a magical time when porn was still on film and had stories. It was brutally cool. Being on Showtime is great because I really don't have to censor it—unless I show

"THERE ARE MANY TIMES WHEN I'D BE IN A TOWN WHERE IT WAS REALLY CHURCHY. I WOULD ASK, 'WHERE CAN I GET PORN AROUND HERE?' THEY'D SAY, 'CORN?' 'NO! PORN!'"

"THE GIRLS BACK THEN WERE NATURALLY BEAUTIFUL OR A BAG OF FUCKING TROUBLE. HAIRY AND CRAZY WITH A LAZY EYE AND A CLUB FOOT."

penetration. We are allowed to say what we want and do what we want. It's a cheap, down-and-dirty show just like I'm a cheap, down-and-dirty comic.

Where did the set's stained couch come from?

Stained? It's weathered. It's like a B-29 flying over Germany in the 1940s. It has taken a lot of flak. The first couch we used was just one laying around. That's not my couch. I wish it was. My couch is leather. Back in the day when I used to drink hard, I would wake up with that morning boner, roll over and bang my couch. I believe It's called "couch surfing." Maybe "couch stuffing"? Loneliness, that's what I call it.

Who are your dream guests?

Kay Parker and Tracey Adams. If you read this, we want you! My dream is for the show to continue so we can get every legend on. And for this to be a place where the young porn stars, the old porn stars and people in the community can hang out.

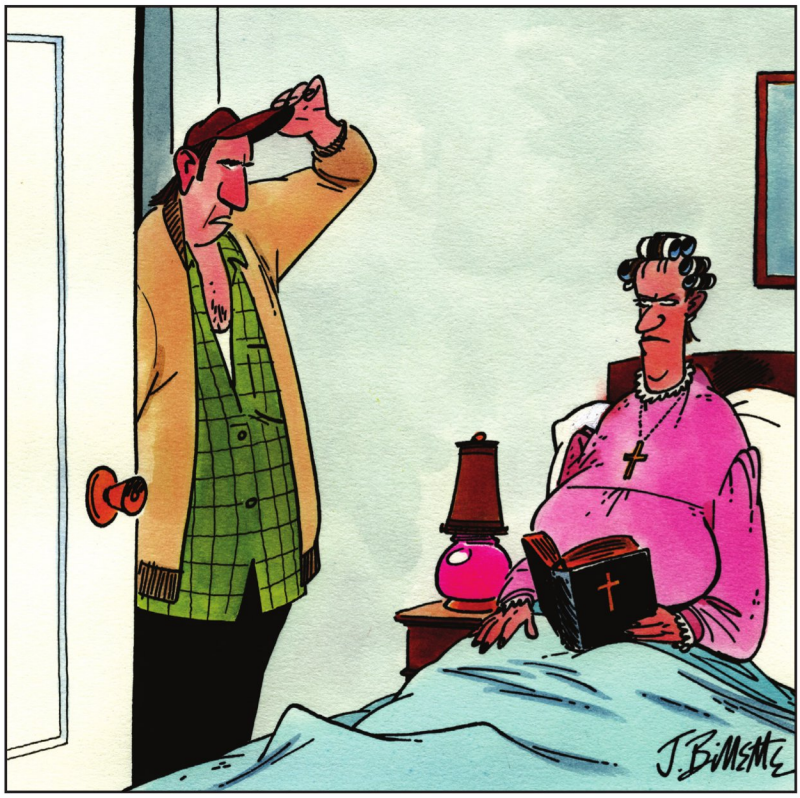
Is it sad when a once-hot porn actress comes in and she's aged?

The fact that they are alive is fucking amazing! What they went through in that rough-and-ready period of time of drugs and AIDS. The fact that they are still here is impressive. I'm not squeamish about that shit. I like meeting them now because, much like comics, they have done the long, twisty road. I feel that connection with them.

What do you have planned for season 2?

We'll be having Jesse Jane, Kayden Kross, Asa Akira and hopefully Alexis Texas. It's cool. I feel like I'm an educator when it comes to these young porn stars—teaching them. It's not too creepy, an old dude watching porn with these hot, young chicks? That's not too creepy, right? Unless it was on a yacht. That would be creepy.

Having young, superhot chicks watch the retro is funny because they don't find it shocking. The hair and tanning is all they keep talking about. We have Joanna Angel coming up on season 2. I showed her this stuff, and she's like, "Look at that limp dick! You would never see that in today's porn. I wanna jump in and make that hard."



"I'm going out for a beer and hopefully a piece of ass. Anything I can get for you, Mother Superior?"

Do you prefer vintage or modern porn?

I love vintage porn. I do love the new stuff too but more of the gonzo than the scripted. The girls today are so polished. They are amazingly hot, and some of them like Sasha Grey are movie stars. The girls back then were naturally beautiful or a bag of fucking trouble. Hairy and crazy with a lazy eye and a club foot. I think it's great because that's real life. That other shit is fantasy.

Who's your favorite porn star of all time?

I really like Pierre Woodman and his stuff. He looks like me, and he's French. I get to see what I would look like if I could fuck like that.

What's your porn name?

Drippy Dick. Next! Yawn or Yawny.

Why did you choose stand-up over a career in adult entertainment?

First of all, I never could fuck like that, and I'm too ugly. But if I knew I could have worked in porn, I would have gone to sound-engineering school and became the boom-mic guy.

What did you get for twice hosting the AVN Awards?

Everybody thinks that you hook up. You don't. It's a madhouse. These girls are ramped-up and worn-out. A lot of them have been signing all day long and talking to ugly dopes like myself. How many fake smiles do these poor girls have to put on?

When did you start doing stand-up?

I was horrible at everything I did. I went to NYU for film, which is really a worthless degree. Then I started working at the Discovery Channel. I was bad at that. I started doing comedy in '86 or '87. I was a horrible comic for the first six or seven years. I didn't even want to make it. I just wanted to get laughs. I wanted to get a spot on the weekend. The weekend spot is like, "Wow! I can't believe it. Now I'm making 50 bucks!"

It wasn't until my late 20s that I realized this is what I'm doing with my life. I'm a comic. Once I did Letterman, my parents were like, "Oh, so that's what he's doing."

You've been called a "comedian's comedian." What does that mean?

They say I'm a comic's comic because I always do new material. A lot of guys get locked into their set. A lot of guys want the win. I don't give a shit. I like the bomb. Or I know how to bomb. I bombed for a long time, and it feels comfortable. It's like crawling into a wet, fucking sleeping bag. It's not good, but it's there.

What was the worst gig you ever had?

I was in New York at the Comedy Cellar, and some guy started whipping bottles at me. I said something. I think I called his chick a whore because she wouldn't shut up, and I guess it triggered something in his head.

College gigs are the worst. I did one gig where they were whipping fucking pennies at me. It was a Christian school by the way, and I'm a Jew.

Were you ever afraid when you entertained the troops in Iraq?

I've done five tours with the USO now. I was the hottest chick in that country. Not a lot of war brides coming back. Those gigs felt like I was really doing something special. I feel for the men and women over there. Not many things in that country work well. But when something really bad happens, and we send out the troops, they get it done. We have the fucking best military in the world. They take such good care of you. My biggest fear is that I'll do something stupid, and the kid watching my dumb ass will get hurt. That's my biggest fear. That and the giant bugs. One night I looked down, and there was some crazy camel spider on my foot. I live in New York. I've seen some crazy shit—bed bugs, roaches, cockfights.

What is "road ass"?

"Road ass"—is that what they call it? I love that movie. Is that porn? Sounds like gay porn. There's a lot of temptation on the road—to drink, to fuck and to do all this stuff, especially when you're young. Growing up on Long Island to find yourself in Kansas City doing blow with a half-Indian stripper with a lazy eye is cool. Back then it was booze, partying and having a good time. I'm sober now. The road now is do the show, meet the fans, drink some coffee, then go back to the hotel and jerk off to HUSTLER.

How are comedy groupies different from rock 'n' roll groupies?

You meet a chick on the road who's into comics, she either wants to be a comic or comes from a broken home where there was no humor. Let's split the difference and talk about magician chicks. They fall in between rock groupies and comedy groupies. If you can hook up with a girl who's into magic? Oh my God! Pull anal on her right away. "Wanna see something disappear? Ta-da!!"

Do you have any holiday plans?

As a Jew, we've got a long, drawn-out holiday. It just keeps going and going. The holidays you're around your family. It's boring. Everyone is disappointed with their own life, and they throw it on you. "How come you never went to medical school?" What? I never wanted to go. You're the one who's good at math. Texting and the Internet make the holidays easier. "Love you" from as far away as possible.

What is egg nog?

Elf cum. Have you ever drank it out of season? Never. You've never been with your buddies on a beach in Cancun, and someone says, "Bartender, a round of egg nog on me."

The Reason for the Season is?

Shopping of course! As a Jew, I can tell you that right now.

I love a deal—and free gift wrapping.

Can you gift-wrap?

No. You know what I give? Gift cards. How horrible is that? "Here you go, Mom. I love you 200 dollars' worth at Best Buy." Cash is the best gift. Gift cards second-best. The third-best gift? A lottery ticket. "Here's something either great—or *nothing*!"

What's the worst gift?

The worst gift you can give someone is to fucking make something—unless you're really good at making it. Like if you're the best blacksmith, then please go ahead.

Best gift?

I like gag gifts. They stick around. A tornado could hit your fucking house and you lose everything, but that rubber trout plaque that sings that fucking song will be working just fine.

Are all mall Santas pedophiles?

The ones that can't coach kids' football are. As a Jewish kid growing up, whenever we were at the mall, I always asked, "Who is that man in red with a white beard? Because he seems a lot cooler than that weird fucking torch we have to light every night during the holidays."

Who eats fruitcake?

I'll fucking eat anything. I'm sober now, but I still eat like a drunk—greasy and dirty. I gave up French fries and pizza to get thin for the show [*Dave's Old Porn*], and that was really hard. Now pizza is for special occasions. How old am I now that pizza is a celebration? No strip clubs. No 8-ball. Sad.

What's your favorite holiday song?

I like "Dreidel, Dreidel, Dreidel" because there's a gambling aspect to it.

Where will you be New Year's Eve?

Working, although New Year's Eve is the worst night for comedy. Anybody who goes to a comedy club on New Year's Eve is either the biggest comedy fan in the world or has made a mistake. Because you want to party and be loud on New Year's Eve, not sit and listen to a comic's joke about his Wi-Fi service.

Any hopes for 2013?

Well, the ring of fire just happened [a solar eclipse], so we're getting close to the Apocalypse and the Four Horsemen. I hope 2013 goes good for everybody because I know it's tough with the economy. I've got that Facebook stock working. I think I got in when the going was good.

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MADISON SWAN

There's nothing **Madison Swan** enjoys more than a lazy Sunday. It's her reward for enduring another difficult week of work. At long last, a 24-hour period that she can devote entirely to her own needs.

On this particular Sunday, **Madison** is horny as hell. Sadly, though, she lacks a lover to release the sexual tension that threatens to drive her mad. Knowing that her roommates will be gone all morning, **Madison** takes matters into her own hands.

She dons a sexy outfit, admires herself in front of the living-room mirror, then strips slowly. Imagining a roomful of lustful eyes on her stunning body gets **Madison**'s juices flowing. Soon, she's on the couch, lost in an intense session of self-pleasuring that culminates only seconds before her roommates return.

Showering afterward, **Madison** reflects on another glorious Sunday. Despite being satisfied, the barely legal babe hopes that on her next off day she won't be the only one who gets off.

MADISON'S VITAL FACTS:
HOMETOWN: Riverside, California | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 130

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY
BY DAVE NAZ

JAMES DEEN: HOLLYWOOD PENETRATION

BY **ORIANA SMALL** AKA **ASHLEY BLUE**

THE PORN STUD AND CROSSOVER STAR NAILED A COSTARRING ROLE WITH LINDSAY LOHAN IN *THE CANYONS*, A MOVIE DIRECTED BY PAUL SCHRADER OF *TAXI DRIVER* FAME. BUT HE STILL WHACKS OFF TO HIS OWN SMUT.

It's over a hundred degrees in the hills overlooking Porn Valley. James Deen, in gray jeans and black T-shirt, is eating a field green salad in his chilly, echoing kitchen. Sunlight radiates on all sides, reflecting off the marble-and-wood floor. Abundant light and glossy surfaces make this the perfect house to shoot porn in, which is why he bought the place.

I have the luxury of being Ashley Blue for this visit. James doesn't usually do interviews within the porn industry. But he's "seen my butthole," and there's a casual intimacy between performers.

The White Stripes version of "Jolene" is playing. James loves his Dolly Parton. He throws on "9 to 5" and lip-synchs with seated choreography. James tells me he just met with the "President of Television" himself—that was seriously his title—to discuss pitches. One is a reality show about himself and his entourage of porn pals and skeezy childhood friends from Pasadena, California. Watch out, America, this guy is mainstream whether you like it or not. He's making porn into a digestible part of our culture, like a Sasha Grey-flavored Alka-Seltzer.

THE CANYONS

James is guarded about his mainstream acting debut as the leading man in Paul Schrader's *The Canyons*, written by *American Psycho* author Bret Easton Ellis. There's a confidentiality agreement sitting three feet away from us. Shooting just wrapped two days ago.

"It's a small art film with people I respect, Paul Schrader and Bret Easton Ellis, which is pretty fucking cool! They wanted to do something good, outside of the stupid Hollywood culture of making money and *Transformers 5*. We don't need that shit, and we're sick of it! This is a movie everyone believes in.

"Before we started filming, he had to make sure I could act. I read for the lead role, Christian. Paul was a little worried about the stigma, putting a porn actor as the lead in the movie. But he thought I was the best one for the role. He showed the reading to his wife, who is anti-porn, and she said give the part to James over the other guy.

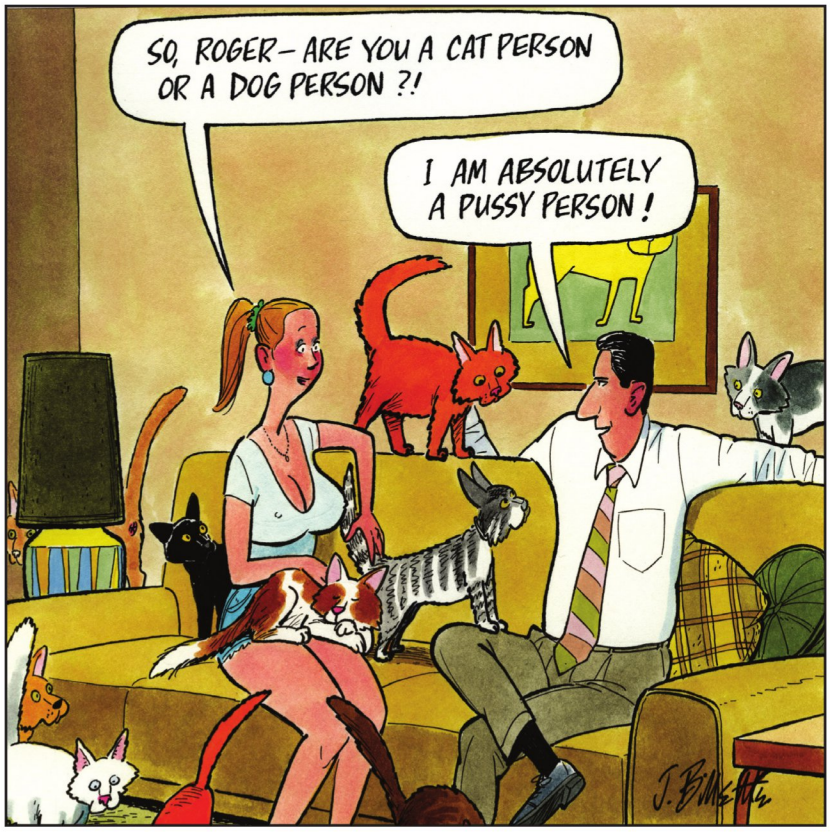
"I don't really identify with Christian. There's nothing about him that I want, except that he has an endless supply of money. He's a trust-fund kid. He's a man-child, not an alternate version of me. But it was easier to play him because Bret Easton Ellis wrote this for me. I was the first one he had in mind for the role. I got to play the crazy person, the fun one. Who wants to play Batman when you can play the Joker?"

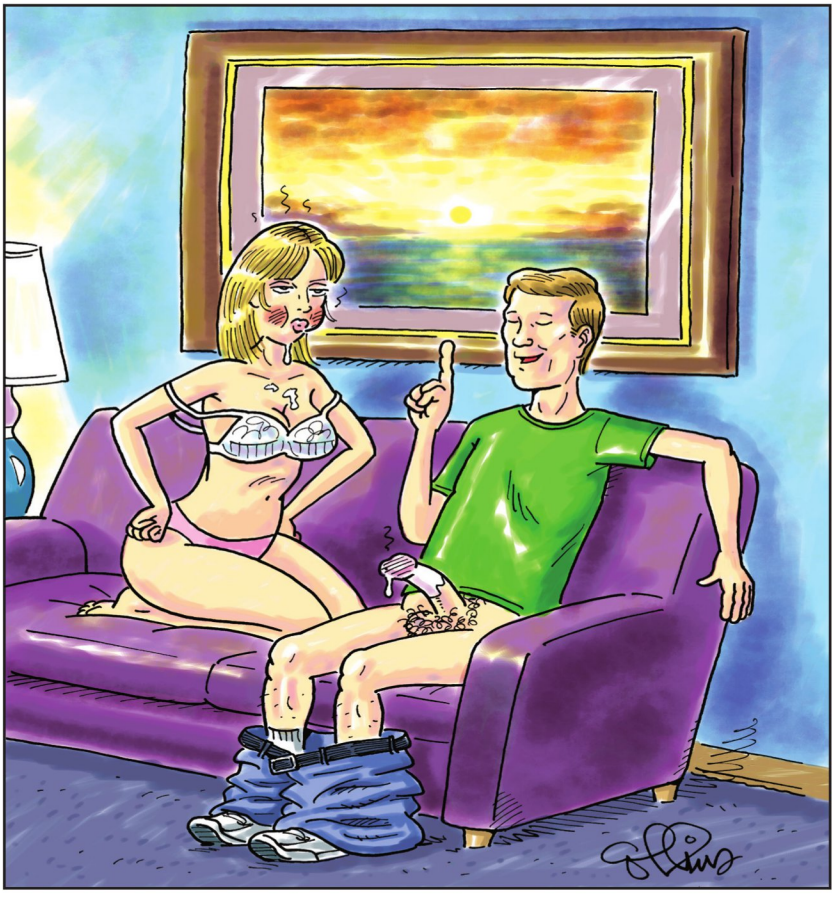
Mainstream and porn have been separate worlds for a long time. I ask James what differences there really are.

"None. The only difference was that at the end of the day I didn't get to have sex. They used all the same lights as porn. And they shot it on the ARRI Alexa, which is the best digital camera there is. Anything I was able to do in order to get into this movie, I learned from porn."

Was James nervous?

"No more than I am on a daily basis, before a scene. [Porn performer] Tim Von Swine taught me that if you aren't nervous, then you don't care."





"You know, an optimist would say your mouth is 'half full' of cum."

HARDCORE PHOTOS COURTESY JULES JORDAN VIDEO

ON LINDSAY LOHAN

"I was requested not to talk about her. The media has a way of twisting anything you say because they love to hate her. She is really cool, really professional and fantastic. The movie is about our characters' relationship. She was great to work with."

I ask again. The blogs are buzzing. Are they or aren't they? All that crap. James cordially repeats himself.

BRET EASTON ELLIS

"Bret is super awesome and super cool, honest and transparent, very blunt and great; he's fantastic. Just a really nice guy. One of the few in the Hollywood celeb circle that is actually down-to-earth. I can call him up, and we go grab a drink, some food or something. I went to a party on the Fourth of July at his house. He's a legit, 100% real person. We share the same foibles, but I'm way worse."

BOOKS

"I've read *American Psycho* and *Less Than Zero*. I've heard that all of Bret's books are good. But I'm not a big reader, so those are the only two I've read. I like textbooks. My books are all psychology and biology. I used to rob the Salvation Army drop-off late at night with my friend, so the majority of my textbooks came from a parking lot in the middle of the night."

James is currently reading the *DSM*, short for

Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders. This book inspires such party games as Who Has Male Erectile Disorder?, Who Has Major Depressive Episodes? and Vaginismus, Anyone? Fun, fun, fun.

ON PORN MYSTIQUE

"Mainstream people have such a negative opinion about porn. The first time I go out with Bret Easton Ellis, he takes me to this place called Soho House, which is a members-only Hollywood place, on a rooftop, to hang out, talk, get a drink. Then he takes off, and I'm at the bar. I don't really know who anyone is, because if you weren't on *The Simpsons*, then I don't know who you are.

"Everyone starts asking me all these questions about porn. There's a lot of confusion and mystique behind it. They all have an opinion and want to know if it's accurate. I was the center of attention for ten minutes. When they were done with the questions, they went back to their respective conversations and nudged me out. As if to say 'Okay, we saw your trick. Now get out.'"

BEFORE PORN

James Deen was born and raised in Pasadena, with both a mom and a dad, but he likes to see himself as Mowgli, the orphan child from *The Jungle Book*. His older sister was the first one to tell him about sex, which she learned from sex ed in school. He had a cool father who never had a negative attitude toward porn or sex. James comes from good parents, but he was still an angst-ridden, rage-filled youth, with a strong desire for independence.

When James turned 16, he passed the California High School Proficiency Exam, graduated and moved out to live wild on the streets.

"Everybody has an angry phase. You've got to write 'Fuck You' in White-Out on your Chucks. I didn't do anything spectacular, like burn down my parents' house. I would go to school on acid. But when I'd come home, I would just watch TV and play with my cats. The homeless experience was fun. I've had sex on every rooftop, alleyway and stairwell in Pasadena."

Cum on Command is one of the crucial requirements of the sex business. I ask about James's cum practices on the streets. He says he always used condoms, so he would fill one up, or do it in the girls mouths, or on the stairs, or on the hand railing as a joke.

"Cumming has always been boring for me. I like the sex. The cum is for you. If the girl doesn't want it, then I don't fucking care. If she doesn't ask for it, then she's not going to get it."

BREAKING IN

"I always wanted to do porn. When I turned 18, I just had to figure out how. Ron Jeremy is a very easy person to find, so one of my friends had his number. That was one possibility.

"The other possibility was to just keep going to Hollywood parties until I met a girl with a hook-up to get into porn. I met this girl who did a solo Internet scene. She was a stripper who had a contact for agent Pamela Peaks. Pam was short with me, told me to send some naked pictures. I did, then she called me back within the hour and said, 'You're amazing! You're perfect!'"

Good ol' Pam sends him to get tested and on to legendary porn agent Jim South. James gets cast in his first flick, Eon McKai's alt-porn classic *Art School Sluts*, and the rest is history.

THE SECRET TO GREAT SEX

"Sex is not something you do to somebody. Nothing makes you good in bed. It's the way that I have sex *with* you, not *to* you, that makes it good. You need to communicate and work together regardless if you're on camera or off camera. Sometimes that connection happens between three, four, five different people. It doesn't matter as long as there's that connection."

ON LOVE

"I'm a romantic. I don't really believe in being in love more than once. Any person I thought I was in love with was a mistake. If I had truly been in love with them, then I'd still be with them, and we would still be in love. I always have one girl. And I always have an understanding that I'm going to be a total slut and bang a bunch of other people. In porn it's easier because I can be like, 'Hey, look, if you want to have a quasi-monogamous relationship, then I can go to work, bang people at work, then come home and be all yours, and we have an understanding of what's going on.

"My rule with whoever I'm dating is if someone wants to have sex, I'd rather they go do it rather than do it behind my back later, wonder what could have been, or resent me for it at some point."

CONDOMS

"Condoms are cheaper than abortions, penicillin and AIDS. They're not uncomfortable unless they're too small. Sex with condoms and without feels exactly the same. It's a mental thing if you can't fuck with a condom on."

Deen in Adam & Eve's Dallas XXX

Before porn, James always used condoms. Now he only has unprotected sex with girls who have been recently tested. Condoms are cool, but they shouldn't be the law.

"The condom law violates my freedom as a producer to express my artistic vision any way that I want. And you cannot tell me what I can and can't do in my art film. If you don't consider my thing art, that's fine. But it's protected by the Constitution of the United States of America. I'm an American, and you can go fuck yourself."

GOOD PORNO

"Porno is meant to arouse. Rocco Siffredi's stuff is good porno. I like that kind of porno. Parodies are good to keep sales going. I don't think they make good porno. I'm not aroused by people dressing up in costumes and imitating something. I don't think it's a bad thing. It just doesn't arouse me. Comedy porn isn't bad. But I'm not going to watch the parody of *Seinfeld* to jerk off to."

Ever grooved on his own smut?

"I have jerked off to myself fucking. It's not something I do regularly, but it's because of the girl. Jenna Haze is really good at giving blowjobs. I've instructed others to watch her videos if they want to learn how to suck dick."

James Deen is not getting an inflated ego about any of this extra attention. His fuck-scene rate has not gone up. He took home all the beer left over from the days of shooting *The Canyons*. He's still the boy-next-door, on camera and behind closed doors.

I leave before dark since James is having dinner later at Mr. Chow's in Beverly Hills. I assume he has to get ready. He tells me he's going as is, but first he has to go watch some porn on his computer.

Oriana Small is a writer and visual artist from Southern California. As Ashley Blue, she has appeared in more than 300 adult films and has won numerous adult film industry awards, including *AVN*'s Performer of the Year. Her book *Girlvert: A Porno Memoir* is a best-selling cult classic.

"Don't ever book me for a Republican National Convention again!
Those repressed bastards are crazy!"

WINTER TREAT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

NATALIA STARR

When **Natalia Starr** entered the adult industry, she knew precisely what to expect. “My sister, who goes by Natasha Starr, got into the business first,” **Natalia** reveals. “She was doing really well, so I decided to join her.”

Born in Poland, **Natalia** has lived in New York City for more than ten years. Although the busty babe is enamored of the Big Apple, she suspects that it was more fun a few decades ago. “It would’ve been so cool to hang out at Studio 54,” **Natalia** comments. “And I love the fashion from the 1970s!”

While **Natalia** has enjoyed the skin trade so far, she is equally intrigued by the world of high fashion: “One day I’d like to combine my two passions. I can envision myself owning a boutique that specializes in sexy clothes and jewelry for adult stars.”

While getting her feet wet in the XXX biz, **Natalia** is in no hurry to be pounded by two studs. “My fantasy is to one day experience double penetration,” she explains. “But I’m a long way away from trying that.”

NATALIA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Warsaw, Poland | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 125

One Christmas, Donald bought his mother-in-law a cemetery plot as a gift. The following year he didn't get her anything at all. When his mother-in-law asked why, Donald told her, "You still haven't used the gift I bought you last Christmas!"

Question: What's the difference between an oral thermometer and a rectal thermometer?

Answer: The taste.

A surgeon who had a long and distinguished career performing circumcisions was ready to retire. Having saved hundreds of foreskins as mementos, he wanted to turn them into a souvenir. He decided to take his specimens to a leathersmith and commissioned the dude to make something out of them.

When the surgeon returned a few weeks later, he was disappointed when the leathersmith presented him with the finished product. "I gave you all those foreskins, and you could only make me a wallet?" the surgeon snorted.

"Yes," the leathersmith sighed, "that's true. But if you stroke the wallet, it'll turn into a briefcase."

Randy took his cross-eyed rottweiler to a veterinarian and asked if anything could be done. The vet picked up the hound and stared into its eyes for a while. "Sorry," he said. "I'm gonna have to put your dog down."

"Just because he's cross-eyed?" Randy asked.

"No," the vet explained. "Because he's really heavy."

At a pub in Ireland, Jack O'Reilly and his pals were having a contest to see who could concoct the best toast. Jack hoisted his beer and said, "Here's to spending the rest of me life between the legs of me lovely wife!"

Upon returning home, Jack proudly told his gorgeous wife, Caitlin, that he'd won the competition. She remarked, "Aye, did ye now? And what was your toast?"

Thinking quickly, Jack replied, "Here's to spending the rest of me life sitting in church beside me lovely wife!"

"Aye, that's a nice one," Caitlin said.

The next day, while walking down the street, Caitlin ran into one of Jack's drinking buddies. As the man looked at her leeringly, he mentioned, "Jack won the prize the other night at the pub with a toast about you."

Caitlin said, "Aye, he told me, and I was a bit surprised. He's only been in there twice in the past four years. Once I had to pull him by the ears to make him come, and the other time he fell asleep."

An old man about to croak sniffed the pleasing smell of chocolate-chip cookies. With his last bit of energy, he pulled himself out of bed and staggered to the kitchen, where his crusty wife was baking. As the codger reached for a warm cookie, his wife smacked the back of his hand. "Leave them alone!" she snarled. "They're for the funeral."

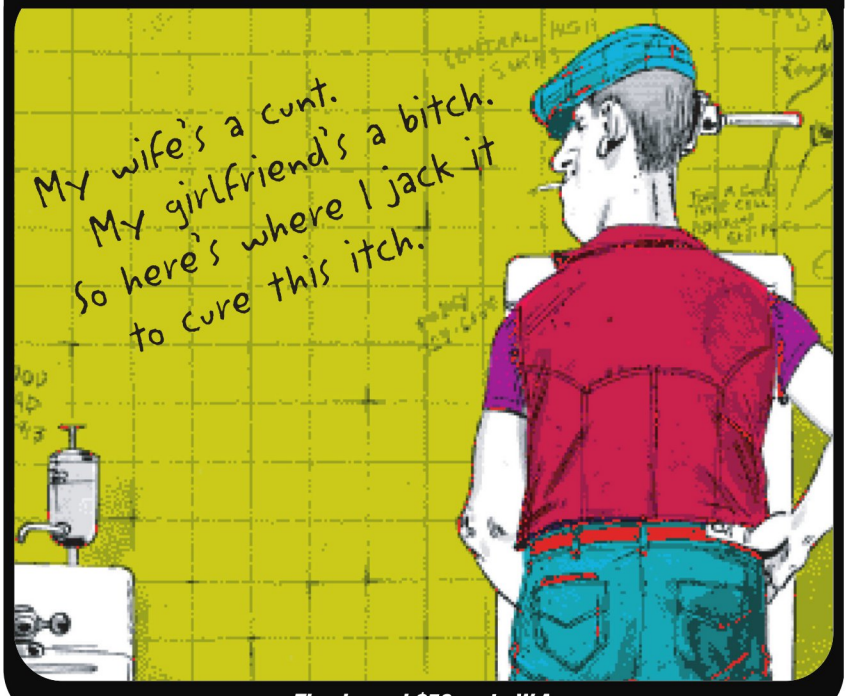
Question: What do you call a girl in Arkansas who can run faster than her brother?

Answer: A virgin.

Kenny was sunbathing naked at the beach. For the sake of civility (and to keep his privates from getting burned), he placed a hat over his crotch. When a frumpy woman walked by and noticed Kenny, she snickered. "If you were a gentleman, you'd lift your hat for a pretty lady."

"Ma'am, if you were pretty," Kenny muttered, "it would've lifted itself."

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to W.A.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"You eat all your spinach or you'll go to bed without your sister!"

BY MATT HOGE

BARBARA JENSEN UNVEILS HER SECRET TECHNIQUE FOR CREATING SPECTACULAR, LIFELIKE PINUPS.

Ravishing Realism

Barbara Jensen didn't pursue art as a career until a little over a decade ago, but she has always possessed a creative spirit. "I was very into art when I was a child," she recalls. "I even drew my first pinup at the age of 16."

Born and raised an hour's drive north of New York City in Westchester County, Jensen now resides in Daytona Beach, Florida. That's the perfect place to be if your job demands inspiration from hot babes. She's been very successful. Her illustrations have graced numerous magazines (including *Club International*, *Airbrush Action* and *Sizzle*) and Websites, as well as stylized cars and even wine bottles.

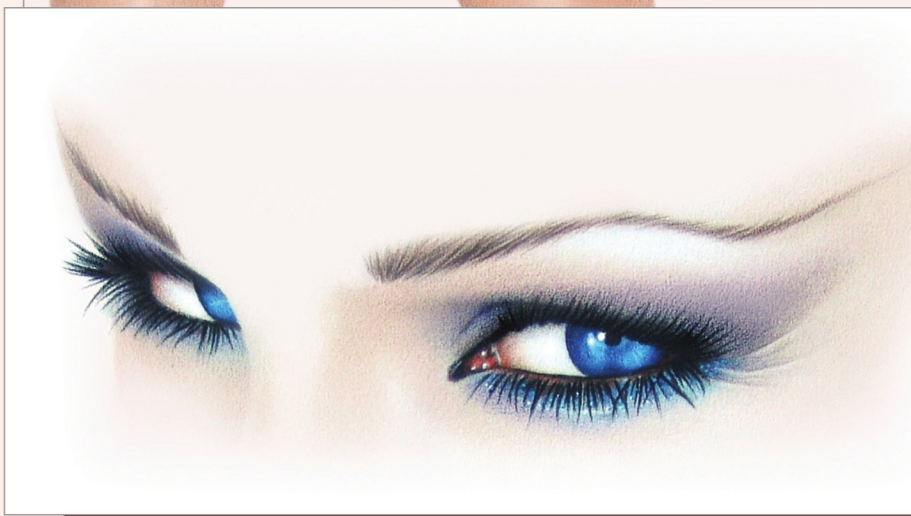
Jensen has achieved recognition primarily for her visually appealing, lust-inducing pinups. For her signature works, she uses a unique process that simulates an airbrushed look. Jensen begins by drawing a sketch (many of her pieces are inspired by preexisting photos), to which she adds a light wash of watercolor. Then the artist applies five or six layers of colored pencils for the skintone and other details. Depending on the piece, Jensen finishes up with ink, pastel, charcoal and acrylics as needed. "My goal," she says, "is to get an airbrushed feel to the art without actually airbrushing."

Jensen's creativity is even more impressive when you consider that she is largely self-taught. "The only formal training I have is a couple of electives—a drawing class and one on airbrushing—that I took in college," the autodidactic artist points out. "I took the knowledge that I gained from those classes, bought a ton of art supplies and spent about two years developing a technique."

Jensen is also indebted to those who preceded her in the field of erotic art. Having the most direct influence on her work, she says, are Hajime Sorayama, Erik Drudwyn and Olivia de Berardinis.

For most of the past decade, Jensen has been living, eating and sleeping art. "I do hit the gym a lot, and I love to read," she reveals, "but art is pretty much it. I lead a relatively boring and secluded life because I work constantly and love doing it. I wake up looking forward to my day of work, and I can't ask for more than that!"

To see more of Barbara Jensen's fantastic artistry, visit **EroticArtistGallery.com**.



HARDCORE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Yurizan Beltran sips a cocktail as Rachel Roxxx and Helly Hellfire (below, with Adriana Sephora) pull off the great ***Escape.***

This Ain't Avatar XXX #2: Escape From Pandwhora

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: RACHEL ROXXX, MIA LELANI, ADRIANA SEPHORA, HELLY HELLFIRE, YURIZAN BELTRAN, VICTORIA LAWSON, MELISSA JACOBS, BRYNN TYLER, RYAN KEELY, CHRIS JOHNSON, BRAD TYLER, BILLY GLIDE & JACK NAPIER.

Ah, the magic of porn. James Cameron's sequel may not be due until 2015, but thanks to HUSTLER, you don't have to wait to whack it to some fresh Nabi. After our first *Avatar* spoof snatched the 2011 AVN Award for best 3D release, *Escape From Pandwhora* sends more blue bazongas busting out of your boob tube. The intergalactic erotica kicks off with indigo sex slaves Victoria Lawson and Mia Lelani displaying some awesome skull skill. But Queen May-Ot (Yurizan Beltran) proves why *she's* the matriarch of Pandwhora, giving our hero Skully's knob the royal treatment. Although the aliens bring their hardcore A-game, pale-skin Helly Hellfire really heats things up. Her talent at tonguing Adriana Sephora's twat and ability to take on two goo bazookas at once makes her the perfect ambassador to spread filth throughout the galaxy. We know what you're thinking: That's all real clever, but does anybody get the anal probe? Fuck yes! Rachel Roxxx brings her ass to the party in a finale that will have all life forms reaching for the lotion and Kleenex. The double-disc set includes two pairs of 3D glasses, but there's also a 2D option. Regardless of how many dimensions you can handle, *Avatar XXX #2* will ruin your next trip to the local hooker—unless she slaps on the blue paint first. ***—Andy Parker***

THIS MONTH'S MASTER STROKE

*Nabis Yurizan Beltran, Victoria Lawson (with Mia Lelani) and earthling Rachel Roxxx open **Pandwhora's** box.*

Dallas cowgirls: Alexis Ford and India Summer (right) hit some sweet crude.

Dallas XXX: A Parody

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ANDRE MADNESS. STARRING: ALEXIS FORD, INDIA SUMMER, BOBBI STARR, BROOKLYN LEE, ERIC MASTERSON, BILL BAILEY, JAMES DEEN, MICHAEL VEGAS & RYAN MCLANE.

Spoiler alert: If you don't want to know who fucked J.R., stop reading. This spoof plays fast and loose with the *Dallas* legend, kicking off at the moment when Bobby (James Deen) comes back to life and drills Pam (India Summer) like an oil derrick. India's no Victoria Principal, but until they release Victoria's lost fuck scenes, she'll have to do. (That was a joke; stop dreaming.) The TV show was mostly power psychos measuring their dicks and lying to each other. That's no stretch for a porno, and this one manages to be fairly funny with plenty of silly dialogue, bad wigs and mangled twangs. Blond shitkicker Alexis Ford as Lucy almost starts a barn fire with a good hay-bale boning—and even catches the cumshot with her dogs for all you foot freaks out there. Alexis steals the show, but Bobbi Starr—who does the movie's best Texas drawl—shines too as luscious lush Sue Ellen. She'll fuck a stranger at the drop of a ten-gallon hat and even sports an '80s-accurate bush. Brooklyn Lee as Kristin caps J.R.'s gusher with a finale fuck before the cliffhanger ending wraps thing up with a bang. By the way, turn to page 28 to check out our intimate profile of power-hungry Brooklyn. ***—M.J.***

Wicked sisters jessica drake, Alektra Blue, Dana DeArmond and Misty Stone (bottom left) ***Countdown*** *the cumshots.*

Countdown

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. STARRING: ALEKTRA BLUE, JESSICA DRAKE, DANA DEARMOND, INDIA SUMMER, KAYLANI LEI, LEZLEY ZEN, MISTY STONE, BILL BAILEY, BRAD ARMSTRONG, DERRICK PIERCE, JACK LAWRENCE, MICHAEL VEGAS, ROCCO REED, SETH GAMBLE & XANDER CORVUS.

It's the end of the world as we know it, and jessica drake feels fine, mostly because some mook is expertly tonguing her twat. By the way, the official doomsday deadline is 12/21/12, so go ahead and max out your credit cards on hookers. Anyway, back to this cockbuster: jessica and her re-augmented boobs have the inside dope on some Armageddon meteor shit, which turns the world into a cry-in-your-beer pity party. Fortunately, Dana DeArmond and her gaping shitpipe rush in to save the picture with a decent bone-and-moan, then whiny Alektra Blue and Kaylani Lei ride out the end with some deep impact at a desert motel. Between those signs of life, there's loads of deadly dialogue to bloat the screen time. (The director even gives himself a couple of endless sad-sack scenes.) The flick's best actresses—Misty Stone and Lezley Zen—get only supporting parts, probably because they're not Wicked Girls, but they make the most of their remaining minutes. When you see the end coming on December 21, do what the dudes in this movie did: Find a wet hole to hide in. It's the only way to go.

—M.J.

***Showgirlz** Taylor Luxx, Sierra Banxxx and Zuri test some new material.*

Showgirlz #2

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: TB. STARRING: ZURI, KATT DYLAN, SIERRA BANXXX, GOGO FUKME, TAYLOR LUXX, MR. MARCUS, NAT TURNHER, PRINCE YAHSHUA, RICO STRONG & JON Q.

The first disc in this series rocked our cocks solid, so we had to give *#2* a spin. Any worries that we were wasting time watching porn when we could be doing something worthwhile dried up like cum on an L.A. pool deck as soon as sultry Sierra Banxxx hit the screen. She moistens up the flick like a pro, letting a well-hung gentleman ream and cream her booty in style. We really knew we were in the right 'hood when cuter-than-sin Zuri shows up. She's got an amazing natural rack with "Trendsetter" tattooed above it. Said trend appears to be tit-fucking those brown bags from lunch hour to happy hour. And if you were hunting a rump the size of Saturn and Uranus together, get ready to bag the gorgeous beast known as GoGo FukMe. She's as born-for-it as her porn name. Meanwhile, petite, sweet-titted candies Taylor Luxx and Katt Dylan add some light-skin glam to the package. You'll be drained and raw by the time they're taking dick, but stroke it again anyway. These ladies are worth the pain. *Showgirlz* is shaping up as the best black series to hit the streets in a while. Get it and admit it: Nothing takes the edge off a craving like a hit of that beautiful black crack. ***—M.J***

BEHIND THE SCENES

BOMB SQUAD

HANGING WITH THE GIRLS OF THIS AIN'T THE EXPENDABLES XXX

By Oriana Small aka Ashley Blue
Photos by Gia Jordan

Shooting big-budget porn is a lot like mainstream. The horsing around and socializing happen off-set, in makeup and wardrobe. To get up close with the stars, that's where you want to be.

An array of motorcycles and cameras stud the set. Men scurry around to perfect the take. I sit in the next room, in an emancipated harem filled with girls dressing and undressing, preening themselves in the mirrors under bright lights. Fishnets, bras, panties, socks, hairspray, lotion, perfume, powder, boots and heels decorate the space as the ladies of HUSTLER's new action flick prettify. Already gorgeous when they walked in, the actresses prepare all day, waiting patiently and professionally for their turn to fuck.

Jessie Andrews and London Keyes

ANDY SAN DIMAS is an expert on cheesy butt rock. She flaunts her style in a vintage Scorpions T-shirt. If she could pick the perfect theme song for this shoot, it would be "Freight Train" by Nitro. She says "Down Boys" by Warrant would be playing in her scene as she goes down on Jessie Andrews.

This movie is like one big, power ballad of love. "I like a couple Scorpions songs," says Andy. "'Wind of Change' brings a tear to my eye."

As for the real Expendables, she most identifies with Dolph Lundgren. He's maintained his looks and fuckability. Arnold is a bit more complicated.

"I don't like big buff guys, but I'd let Arnold have it on one of these motorcycles. He was cute, but he's an asshole because he fucked that really ugly, disgusting maid that he had. The fact that he came inside her and didn't care is proof that he's horny. Cumming inside a woman is the manliest feeling there is."

LONDON KEYES is heating up, decked out in black platform combat boots and lace stockings like a made-over Jet Li. She's a warm-skinned, luscious 23-year-old from the Pacific Northwest, prepped for her scene with Ryan Driller and Ana Foxxx. This isn't her first parody feature, but she prefers gonzo.

"You come in, fuck, and you're done."

There's time to study her dialogue, but she's not nervous. She's always done well memorizing right off the bat. Her lines are all typical stuff, like "That's really fucking annoying." And "She's a psychotic fucking drug addict!"

ANA FOXXX is curled up in the corner of the couch with her feet up, studying her lines, fully dressed as weapons specialist Hale Queen. Ana loved the original *Expendables* because of the hot guys. "I will definitely be watching this one. Chicks instead of dudes, heck yeah!"

London, lounging near Ana amid piles of purses, backpacks, shoes and wardrobe bags, confesses she would fuck Mickey Rourke. "For some weird reason, he's really hot! There's something about him," she giggles. "Even in *Iron Man*. It's just the way he is, I don't know. I think it's a crackhead thing!" she blurts out, laughing.

"Philosophically, an expendable is something you have to supply for a film, like clothespins," says Kylie Ireland, cryptically. She's Guns Jensen, the Dolph character for this pornification. If she had to choose one, she'd take Mickey Rourke too. Creepy, older guys turn her on.

Kylie's always wanted to play a badass. Her ex-boyfriend wrote "this bullet bitchin' script." She confesses that for the right amount of money, she would do any of her exes on film. It would just cost a lot.

JESSIE ANDREWS doesn't have to lug machine guns or load ammo. Her character is just a pretty girl who gets fucked, in a lesbian way. She dresses in girl-next-door clothes and has a fetish for throwing them away. Before she left the house, she trashed two scarves, three tank tops and one pair of sweatpants.

Jessie's a cheerful daisy in a patch of clover no matter what political issues

Brooklyn Lee and London Keyes

Tera Patrick

plague the day. "I just ate at Chick-fil-A before I got here. I don't give a fuck about politics. I had a sweet tea, chicken nuggets and fries, with HRB sauce." Her little honey-roasted-barbecue smile drenches each nugget she sees.

The day is long for the cast and crew. It's not the sex that's painstaking; it's the technical detail. For the CGI effects, there's a separate green-screen set, where Tera Patrick's scenes are being shot. Yes, that Tera Patrick. Still hot as a freshly fired assault weapon.

Expect *This Ain't The Expendables XXX* to be an epic of machismo proportions, minus the steroids. No sexism worries here; the women have hijacked this mother-fucker and made it their own. Get ready to get hit like a "Freight Train."

FOR MORE HOT PHOTOS FROM

THIS AIN'T THE EXPENDABLES XXX

GO TO PAGE 86.

"It was a fucking accident! I suggest you file a claim with my insurance company!"

COCKFIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

BROOKE & JAMEY

For as long as they've been friends, small-town girls Belle (**Brooke Lee Adams**) and Jen (**Jamey Janes**) have also been rivals. As kids, they argued over who was taller. In high school they squared off for a coveted starting spot on the curling team. In college they competed for cock.

Now living in the big city, Belle and Jen have fallen for the same sophomoric stockbroker. How can they decide who gets the prize?

"Let's have a fuck-off," the fortunate fellow (**Evan Stone**) declares. "The winner gets me—the great Brad Exley Chillingar III—as your lifetime companion. We'll chug beers together for eternity. We'll have eight kids, and they'll all be named Limp after Limp Bizkit. Tucker Max will be our God, and tequila shots will be our Jesus."

"How about a meaningless threesome instead?" Belle proposes. Jen and Brad agree, and much fucking was had by all.

TIME TO BE ACTIVE CITIZENS

THE FOUNDING FATHERS EXPECTED MORE FROM AMERICANS THAN JUST CASTING VOTES EVERY FEW YEARS.

In years to come, no matter who's President, if America is to remain a self-governing republic, more of us have to be directly engaged in civic life. For example, by working with neighbors to improve and strengthen our communities. But preoccupied by the sorry state of the economy and fear of terrorism that has lingered since 9/11, too many Americans have shirked their responsibility to be active citizens. It's a shortcoming that must be remedied.

How many of you have heard of the Corporation for National & Community Service or the National Conference on Citizenship? I'm supposed to be a nut on civics but wasn't aware of those organizations until I read about their disturbing report "Civic Life in America: Key Findings on the Civic Health of the Nation" in a recent *Judges' Journal* article by Jason L. S. Raia. He's vice-president of education at Freedoms Foundation and also serves as Pennsylvania State Coordinator for We The People and Project Citizen.

According to "Civic Life in America," less than 20% of Americans—aside from voting in elections—participate "in political activities" all the rest of the time. What especially depresses me is that just 3.1% participate "in a protest or demonstration." Bush, Cheney and Obama have given us so much to protest.

I've often asked where the hell are the organized demonstrations in the streets and anywhere else that the Founders expected when they made a point of adding to First Amendment rights "the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

More from "Civic Life in America": "Nearly 60% of suburban and rural residents voted in 2008, while only 53% of urban residents voted." (I expect those percentages were somewhat higher in the 2010 elections but sank back in 2012.)

More surprising to me—considering myself, a lifelong city-dweller, to be hipper than those inhabiting the quiet areas of the country—is this finding: "Rural residents were also more likely to overcome the distance and join [political groups] than urban residents were."

Trying to explain these declines in engaged, participatory civic life, the report's reasons include: "With stagnation in wages, more people are working longer hours and second or even third jobs to make ends meet, leaving little time for civics engagement."

"Civic Life in America" makes a useful point that legislatures *can* do something to increase citizens' involvement in the electoral process: "The fact that we still vote on a workday instead of Sunday, like many industrialized democracies around the world, makes voting inconvenient and, for some, nearly impossible."

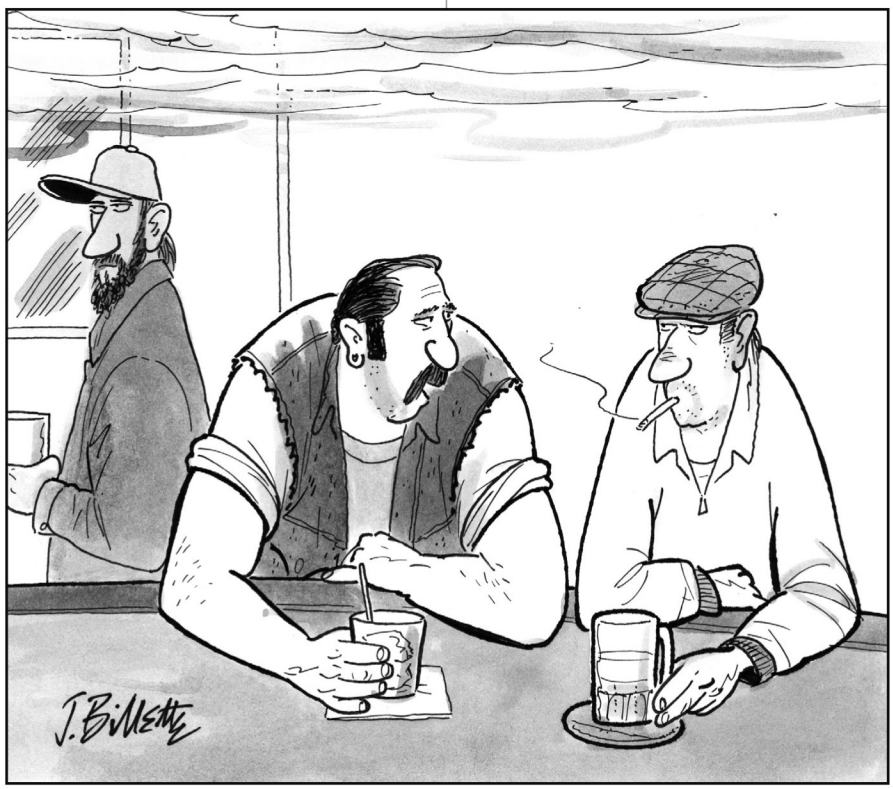
Ah, finally, the report gets back to a crucial distinction between many voters and non-voters: "More education equates to more likely civics behaviors that benefit our democracy. More than 73% of those who have received a bachelor's degree voted in 2008 compared to 31% of those who did not complete high school."

There's another significant gap in the "Civic Life in America" report: "52% [of the educated] compared to 17% [without a degree] participated in organizations; 42% compared to 9% volunteered and participated in non-electoral political activities, and 14% compared to just 3% worked with a neighbor to fix a community problem."

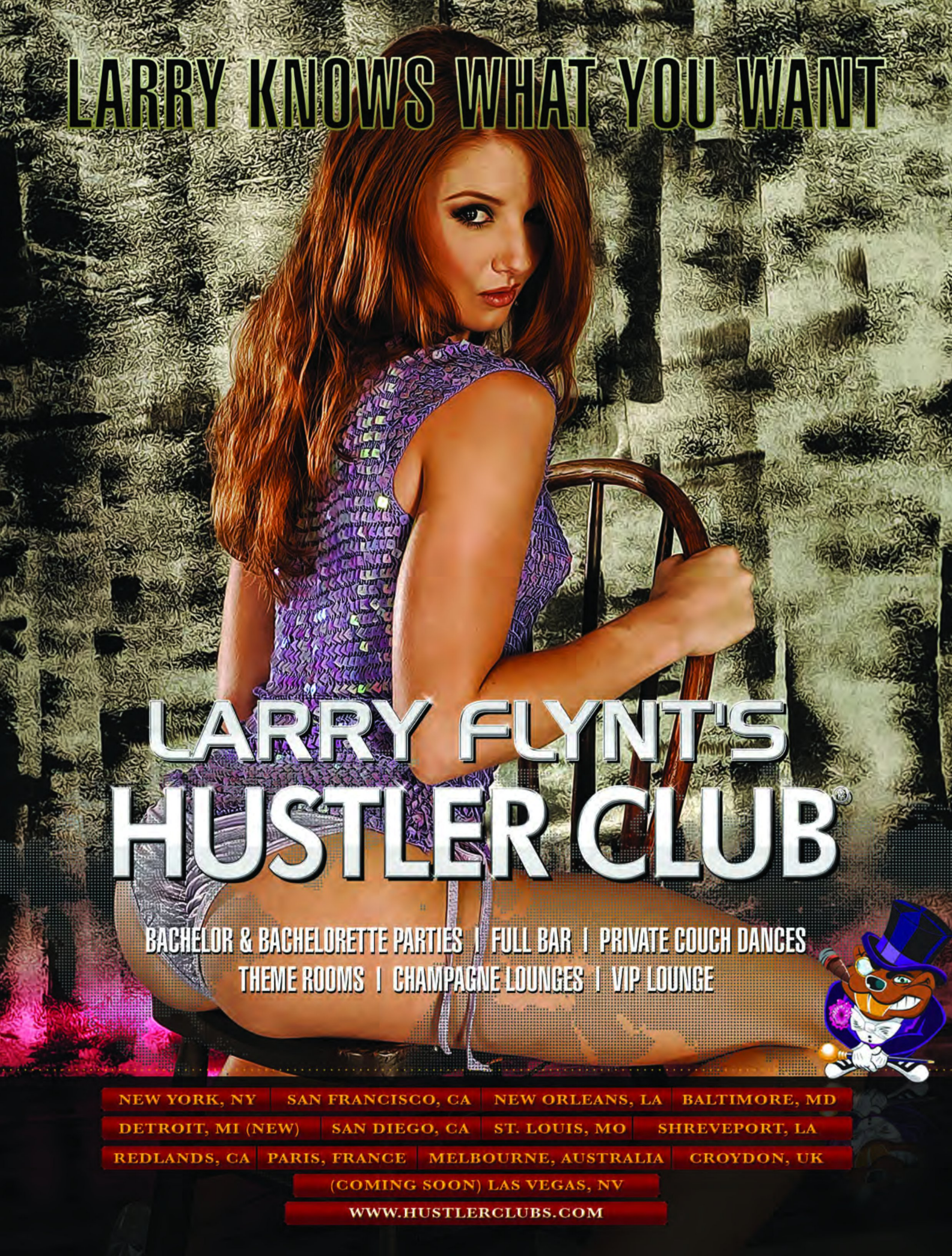
Jason L. S. Raia's valuable article ends too gently: "Further research might discover whether those who demonstrate greater civics engagement are the product of more intensive civics learning in school."

How could they not? Therefore, it's imperative that school-board members and principals—some of whom may have flunked a civics class, if indeed such a course was ever offered—uphold a quintessential responsibility of educators. As Supreme Court Justice William Brennan personally told me, to make the Constitution part of the very lives of all students of whatever age. Otherwise, if many more Americans neglect to engage in civic life, the Fourth of July will be commemorated only by a few sadly appreciative citizens mourning the authors of our nation's most cherished document.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"I ain't proud of beating my ol' lady. But the upside is, since I knocked out all of her teeth, the blowjobs are fantastic!"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BY THOM HARTMANN AND SAM SACKS

OT SANTA?

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHY THE DEMOCRATS TURNED AGAINST THEIR OWN CORE PRINCIPLES? HERE'S A CLUE: IF SCROOGE WERE AROUND, HE'D BE A REPUBLICAN.

Earlier this year, Republican operatives made Barack Obama—in effect—shoot Santa Claus. They did this by forcing the President to cut the number of weeks people could get unemployment benefits from 99 to as low as 74, depending on the state. They were able to pull this off because of something called the "Two Santa Claus Theory," which was first postulated more than three decades ago.

In 1976 the Republican Party was in political-disaster mode. It hadn't held a majority in Congress since 1948 (the infamous "Do-Nothing" Congress), and in the previous 14 straight elections, Democrats owned a majority in the House.

Richard Nixon's crimes were fresh in everyone's mind, as was the earlier humiliating defeat of conservative Barry Goldwater in 1964. Many, especially within the Republican establishment, were openly talking about the death of the party.

But a journalist with a passion for economics and the conservative movement had an answer. His name was Jude Wanniski, a political wonk who looked like a character from *Doonesbury* with his long, sloping nose nestled underneath a pair of chunky-rimmed eyeglasses. In 1976 he wrote an article for the now-defunct *National Observer* that would change American politics for the next 30-plus years by outlining a strategy for Republicans to permanently cripple the Democrats.

TWO SANTAS

According to Wanniski, the Republicans' problem was that Democrats had been playing Santa Claus since the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt. For the previous 40 years, they had handed out presents to the American people: Social Security and unemployment insurance in the 1930s, Medicare in the 1960s. Democrats helped working-class Americans stand up to big corporations and fought for everything from safe food and drugs to a GI Bill that put a generation of ex-servicemen through college.

Meanwhile, Republicans were the party of Ebenezer Scrooge. From child-labor laws to the right to unionize to Medicare, the Republicans always shouted, "No! We can't afford that!" As Wanniski wrote, "There is something in the Republican chemistry that causes the GOP to become hypnotized by the prospect of an imbalanced budget."

How can Scrooge beat Santa in an election? He can't.

"They embrace the role of Scrooge," Wanniski wrote of his Republican Party, "playing into the hands of the Democrats who know the first rule of successful politics is 'Never Shoot Santa Claus.'"

Wanniski added, "As long as Republicans have insisted on balanced budgets, their influence as a party has shriveled, and budgets have been imbalanced."

So the question Jude Wanniski asked in 1976 was: "How could the Republicans play Santa Claus too?" The answer: tax cuts.

"The only thing wrong with the U.S. economy is the failure of the Republican Party to play Santa Claus," Wanniski wrote. "The Two Santa Claus Theory holds that the Republicans should concentrate on tax-rate reduction."

And not just concentrate on it; never, ever waver on it.

But acquiring a Santa Claus was just the first step for Republicans. The second was forcing Democrats to shoot their own Santa. The way to do that was simple: Spend the country nearly into bankruptcy whenever Republicans run the show so Democrats, when they come into power, will be forced to shoot Santa—slash spending—to clean up the Republican mess.

After Wanniski's theory was published, it made the rounds among various Republican strategists. When Ronald Reagan decided to run for President in 1980, he tapped Wanniski as an adviser; it was officially time to set the two Santa Claus plot in motion.

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GENTRY

STARVE SANTA

The Republicans pulled it off! Over the past 30 years they cut taxes and increased spending to the point where GOP Presidents added about $9.5 trillion to the national debt.

With Reagan in the White House, Republicans in Congress didn't care about the $1.9 trillion in budget deficits he racked up with massive tax cuts for the rich and huge increases in military spending. It was more debt than all the Presidents in history had run up, from George Washington to Jimmy Carter combined. But Republicans didn't say a word, knowing eventually a Democrat would inherit that staggering debt. That's when they could then start screaming, "Deficit! Time to shoot Santa!"

Republicans also didn't care about the $1.5 trillion George H.W. Bush added in the four years after Reagan. It made it even easier to scream about the national debt when Bill Clinton came along.

They also enthusiastically supported George W. Bush's Republican Santa Claus tax cuts, which included his more than $500-billion, budget-busting giveaway to pharmaceutical companies known as Medicare Part D. And they supported two unpaid-for wars. In total, Bush 2 added $6.1 trillion to the deficit.

As Wanniski had predicted, all that spending forced the next Democrat in the White House to make drastic cuts. He and the Republican Party didn't shoot Santa. Democrats Clinton and Obama did.

SANTA ON LIFE SUPPORT

When Bill Clinton was elected in 1992 on a New Deal-like platform, the annual federal debt and budget deficit had exploded to all-time highs thanks to 12 years of Republicans in the White House. The Republicans used that enormous debt and Ronald Reagan's story of the jobless "welfare queen" driving a Cadillac and collecting benefits to force Clinton to fire the first bullet into the Democratic Santa Claus. That occurred in 1996 when he ended "welfare as we have come to know it" by signing into law the Personal Responsibility and Work Opportunity Reconciliation Act.

That law overturned six decades of social policy, particularly Lyndon B. Johnson's Great (Santa Claus) Society, which cut poverty nearly in half—from 22% in 1963 down to 12.6% in 1970. Republicans hated all that Democratic success.

As a result of Clinton's welfare reform, more Americans than ever before are living in poverty. Wanniski's "Two Santa Theory" is a perfect political strategy, but budget cuts and the unraveling of social programs is not a bloodless game—a lesson we're all learning today.

Barack Obama campaigned as a revolutionary, promising to "fundamentally change the United States of America" during a time of crisis. But, like Clinton, he was facing a Republican Party with a strategy: force Obama to shoot Santa too.

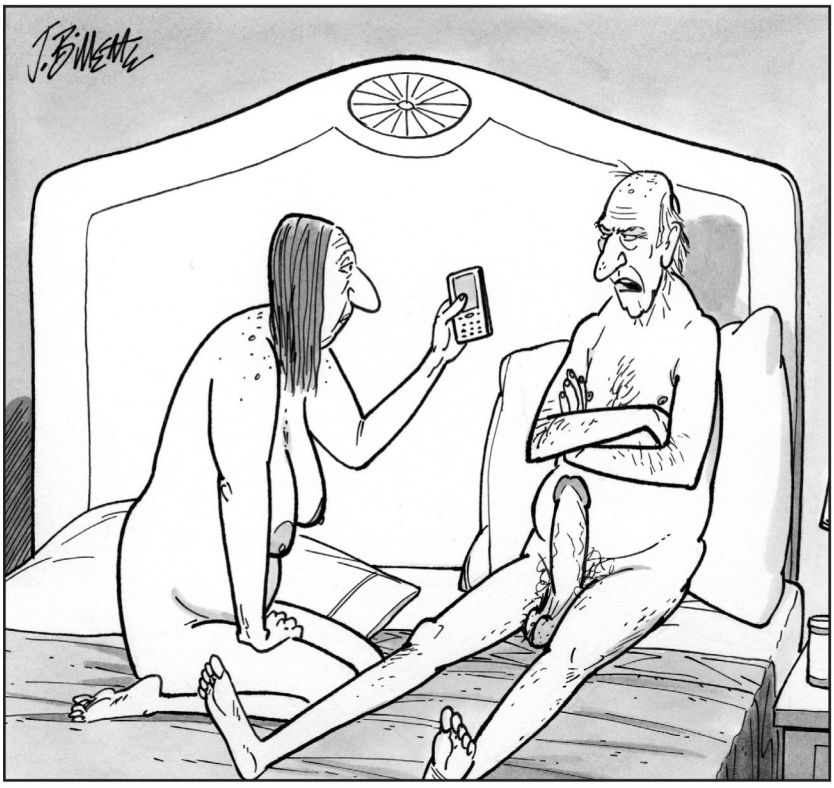
He obliged them by cutting unemployment benefits, presiding over massive layoffs of unionized public workers and embracing the austerity-soaked Bowles Simpson plan, which raised the Social Security retirement age, cut benefits for seniors and slashed Medicare and Medicaid.

These multiple gunshot wounds to the "Spending Santa," who is genuinely needed during an economic crash like the country's current downturn, have kneecapped the economic recovery. Ironically, although it was conceived at a time when many were questioning the survival of the Republican Party, the legacy of Jude Wanniski's "Two Santa Theory" may very well end up ushering in the death of the Democratic Party.

As the Republicans force Democratic Presidents like Clinton and Obama to shoot the traditional Democratic Santas who gave us workers' rights and social safety nets, they're also hollowing out the Democratic Party. After the Great Depression, progressives led the party, restoring faith in government again. And, decade after decade, the Democrats were rewarded at the polls for giving the people what they needed: security, prosperity and economic equality. If Democrats aren't fighting for Social Security and Medicare, what good *are* they?

Republicans have their Santa for the 1%, giving away tax cuts for the über-rich. So if Democrats don't wake the hell up and revive their progressive Santa, who for more than 60 years looked out for the 99%, our nation will continue down the road of inequality, desperation and eventually economic collapse. And, perhaps, one-party rule.

Put the gun away, Democrats. It's time for some first aid.



"I'm not calling Doctor Barnes just because my boner has lasted over four hours! Unless he sucks cock!"

Thom Hartmann is the *New York Times* best-selling author of 23 books and host of an internationally syndicated radio show. Sam Sacks is a progressive writer and commentator who has appeared on TV programs aired in more than 100 countries.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 103 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

STEPHANIE MORALES

COLLEGE OF THE SEQUOIAS

Our latest matriculant doesn't beat around the bush. "I like a little bit of romance and foreplay, but getting straight to the point is best," Stephanie reckons. "I love to be thrown around a little. A strong man who can pick me up during sex is a big turn-on!"

That might not be too hard a task. A wee 4-foot-9, the bodacious bookworm isn't much taller than one of Santa's elves, but she's just as driven. Although Stephanie admits to being a party girl in high school, she now wants to excel at College of the Sequoias in Northern California's San Joaquin Valley. "After I graduate, I want to be able to utilize my skills and education as a paralegal in a private attorney's office," the 23-year-old informs us. "Schoolwork is very important to me."

Even though Stephanie spends most of her time buckling down academically, she somehow manages to do a little social networking (**Facebook.com/Stephanie.Morales.9404**). More significantly, she took a short break to take off her clothes for HUSTLER readers.

Boasting the warmth and sweetness of a girl-next-door and the body of a sex goddess, Stephanie is sure to find herself on a lot of wish lists. "I admit I've fulfilled most of my sexual fantasies," she acknowledges. "But I'm always looking for someone with a sense of humor, who can have fun with me and make me laugh."

Here's hoping some witty fella will find Stephanie unwrapped under his holiday tree! Ho! Ho! Ho!

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUÑOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

"You deceitful bitch...I found your debit card from a local bank...
and you know we don't keep our money in this country!"

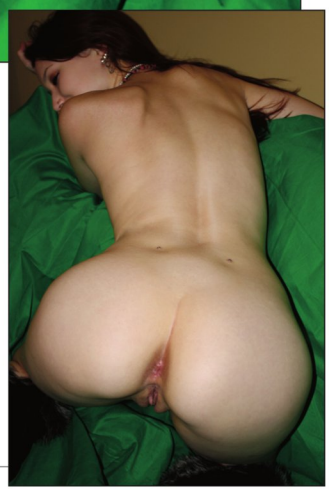
BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"I want to have sex with my guy and a hot girl on a one-horse sleigh dashing through the snow."

STAR

Joy to the world. Eons before ho-ho-ho and gift-giving, the Star of Bethlehem caught folks' eye, so who better to usher in our Holiday roundup than Star of Amherst, Massachusetts? "I love the idea of guys looking at my pictures and getting off to them," reiterates the July '12 Beaver, a bachelor-party girl who'll turn 21 two days after Christmas. For a writing, reading and drawing buff, Star is one helluva vixen, although she actually reminds us of Santa's reindeer Prancer. "I love to dance my ass off," the 5-foot-4 Britney Spears and *True Blood* diehard explains, leading us to her fave pastime. "I give amazing head, and I love fucking doggy-style and getting eaten out," the bi babe raves. "I can't go a day without getting off." Here's to an orgasmic birthday, Star! —Photos by Friend



MIA

"Being naked in HUSTLER sounded exciting," gushes this "bubbly and outgoing" stripper from Waco, Texas. "My partner thinks it's hot and wants me to do it again!" Mia, 19, has a penchant for nudity. "I've been naked at parks, in my car, at the movies, behind a church, on my trampoline and all around my house," the 5-foot-2 newbie reveals. "I want to go to the gym naked and work out one day. I love being naked." But Mia digs much more, starting with Texas music and Radiohead, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Pearl Jam, Kirko Bangz and Band of Horses. "My hobbies are listening to good music while having a drink with some friends, writing, soccer, volleyball and making sure my car is always clean," Mia rattles off. "I also love watching *Taboo*, *Lockup*, the History Channel, Discovery and interesting stuff like that. I like funny movies too, but I'm more interested in real life." We're curious about the hottie's sex life. "I love sucking my Mexican man's dick, and my favorite position is doggy-style," Mia confides. "I'm bi and pretty kinky. I love for my man to fuck me and use toys on me. I'm a great girlfriend because I'm very caring and I always do what he asks. I guess that's why my fantasy would be for two men to take complete control of me." —Photos by Ron Neumann

SAMANTHA & BRANDEE

"I'm straight," Samantha, 22, of Oak Hill, Ohio, professed in her May '12 debut. "But if there's a hot bitch around, I'm not saying I wouldn't be interested. I just met a chick named Brandee, and I've got a feeling she wants to seduce me. Maybe I should tell her I'm down for that." She did! "Samantha was only the second girl I'd ever been with," recalls Brandee, 31, a MILF and *Beaver Hunt* alumna from Newark, Ohio. "She was nervous at first, and so was I before we got down to business. Samantha is gorgeous. She has a pretty face, big titties and a nice ass. Now I know why guys' dicks get hard when they see an attractive, naked young woman. Because if I had a dick, it definitely would have been hard. I'm not a guy, but my pussy sure got wet. Seeing Samantha naked brought out the little devil in me. When she stuck her pussy in my face, I couldn't help myself. I licked her clit and luscious lips. As she started to moan, she grabbed my hand to entwine our fingers in a romantic way. She was letting me know: 'Hey, baby, you're making me cum.' Then she went down on me. Wow! I'd never come so fast in my life!" Samantha's assessment? "Going one-on-one with a hot-bad bitch like Brandee was a great idea. So was having a photographer around while I lost my bisexual virginity. We gave your readers a real treat." For putting on an awesome show, Samantha and Brandee will have some extra moolah for Christmas shopping. —Photos by Friend

"Samantha really got into exploring a pussy for the first time. We sure had fun!"

JAZZYBELLE

"I'm just enjoying life as it cums," proclaims "super energetic and flexible" Jazzybelle, 26, of Portland, Oregon. "Single and playing the field," she's now added nude modeling to her résumé. "I feel very comfortable with my body," the 5-foot-8 Beaver Stater notes, "and I don't mind showing it off to the rest of the world. I can exert my power over men. When I want something, I just gotta have it." We want Jazzybelle's fave pastimes: "Catching up with friends, talking on the phone, listening to country music, watching *Bad Girls Club* and sex. I'm straight but a little bi-curious. One of my fantasies is to be eaten out by a girl just to see how it feels. What I love the most is getting it from behind, and if the dude's cock so happens to find its way into my asshole, oh well." From any vantage point, Jazzybelle is fuckin' swell.

—Photos by Kickback Productions

"I love to shave everything off. It makes me feel innocent again."

JULIE

This "promiscuous" MILF apprentice from Junction City, Kansas, has decked out her boudoir in the traditional holiday colors, but she also embodies a onetime *Beaver Hunt* tradition: a bearded clam. "It's too much of a hassle right now to keep my pussy shaved," reckons Julie, 24. "I can't reach everywhere." But the 5-foot-0 Polynesian has reached the height of frivolity: "I went skinny-dipping one night, and a bunch of guys swam over and took turns fucking me." On dry land, Julie savors "mommy TV shows," Lady Gaga and "getting myself off as I'm having intercourse doggy-style." Julie is quite stylish.

—Photos by Friend

"All I want for Christmas is a big, hard dick!"

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ASK YOURSELF, IS PLAYING WITH YOUR PRIVATES WORTH SPENDING ETERNITY IN A BURNING HELL?! . . . WELL, JIMMY?
. . . I'M THINKING!
J. BIGGETT

THIS AIN'T THE EXPENDABLES XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

The real *Expendables* film franchise boasts an impressive cast list. Many of Hollywood's top action stars were recruited for *The Expendables* and *The Expendables II*. In similar fashion, HUSTLER Video gathered together many of the hottest babes in porn to make *This Ain't The Expendables XXX* a sizzling, fuck-filled parody.

The intense action kicks off with a threesome uniting Xin Yang (**London Keyes**) and Hale Queen (**Ana Foxxx**) on a mission to extract cum from the cock of their boy toy (**Ryan Driller**). Meanwhile, Sandra (**Lyla Storm**) uses her cunning and cunny to escape from the clutches of two bad-guy guards (**Alec Knight, Brendon Miller**). And in the holiday spirit, Leah Christmas (**Brooklyn Lee**) has fierce make-up sex with her boyfriend Luke (**Billy Glide**).

Jonesing for more pics of the flick's ravenous dolls? Turn to pages 81-83 for our behind-the-scenes look at the production of *This Ain't The Expendables XXX*. If you'd like the real scoop on Brooklyn Lee's encounter with a former President, then get on over to page 28 for a "Day In the Life" feature devoted to the ferocious hellcat.

"I told you I'd be late tonight, dear. It's our annual Holiday Orifice Party."

SANDRA: HORSING AROUND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB VEZE

"Everybody thinks it's great that Princess Anne shovels shit in her own stables," **Sandra** will tell you, "but people bitch when a girl wants to become a jockey." The 18-year-old from Los Angeles doesn't mean to be short with you, but it has always been her dream to mount a horse in the first post position and then ride the rail to a thundering finish.

RAVEN ROCKETTE

The March '13 issue goes on sale December 25, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

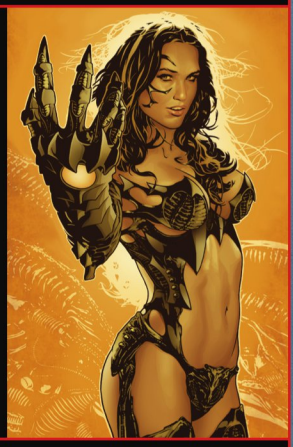
COMING NEXT

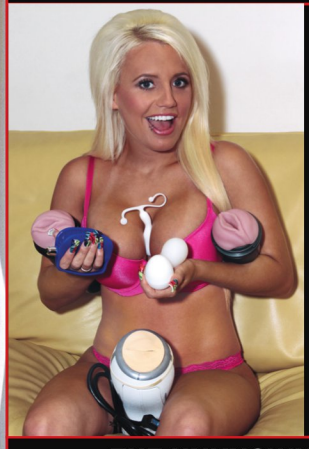
HUNTER MOORE FUCKED YOUR EX!

"I've peed in a girl's mouth, and then her friend did a bump off my dick, and then I stuck it in her friend right after that." For Hunter Moore, who crisscrosses the country to deejay at parties where barely legal chicks beg to be his next conquest, that's a pretty ho-hum feat. The self-proclaimed cokehead's most notorious claim to fame was launching a Website where revenge-seekers could post embarrassing photos of their exes. Listen in as Moore talks about his unabashed debauchery, pissing off Facebook and why he's not as evil as some might think.

WITCHBLADE'S EPIC, TWISTED EROTICA

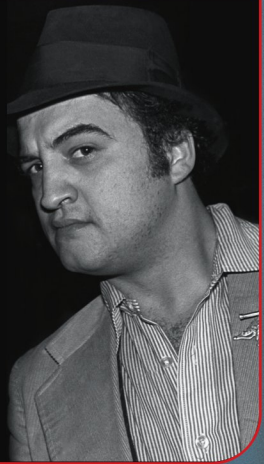
Few superheroines are as sexy as Sara Pezzini, a New York City homicide detective wielding supernatural powers thanks to an ancient artifact known as the Witchblade. See for yourself as we showcase erotic illustrations from a long-running comic book that inspired a TV series in the early 2000s and a feature film slated for a 2013 release. As *Witchblade* wordsmith Ron Marz admits, "I've got no interest in shying away from sexual content when there's a story reason for it."





STROKE OF GENIUS

Necessity is the mother of invention, and that adage certainly applies to guys seeking the utmost pleasure when they have the urge to masturbate. Of course, nothing beats a juicy pussy, but technology is getting ever closer to replicating that cozy crevice between a lady's legs. Look for our comprehensive rundown of the latest and greatest sex toys for men, many of which wouldn't look out of place in an Apple store. Or in the hands of the porn stars we asked to rate the gizmos for us.

THE UNKNOWN BELUSHI

In March 1982, comic genius John Belushi—an original *Saturday Night Live* cast member who'd go on to star in the hit movies *Animal House* and *The Blues Brothers*—died much too soon of a drug overdose. No one knew him better or admired him more than his widow, Judith Belushi-Pisano. Sitting down with entertainment reporter Keith Valcourt, she recalls everything from the couple's first real date as high-school students in Illinois to the move to New York City that put John Belushi (and his trademark raised eyebrow) on the road to showbiz greatness. Toga! Toga!